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LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN—HORRORS OF BLOODY BEND!

The guard in the foreground has just halted a regular, who said he was going to the hospital. The guard ordered him to the firing-line, but suddenly discovering that the soldier was terribly wounded in the back, he directed him to proceed at once to the hospital. The figure in the background of a soldier leaning on a comrade is that of an artilleryman whose face was torn away by a shrapnel. Despite this ghastly wound he insisted on walking to the hospital.—Drawn on the spot by our special war artist, Howard C. Christy.—[See page 522.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Judge Building, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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DECEMBER 29, 1898.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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The Treaty of Peace.

IT must be borne in mind that the treaty of peace with Spain will require the consent of two-thirds of the Senate, or at least of a two-thirds vote in that body.

Possibilities therefore exist of complications attending the final ratification of these terms, which may not be altogether beneficial to the business interests of the country. It is significant that Senator Foraker was credited with the statement, some time ago, that Congress would not tolerate the garrisoning of Cuba with United States troops, and that the maintenance of an army on the island, after peace had been declared, would be considered equivalent to a declaration of war against the Cubans. Perhaps the Senator has changed his mind by this time. We shall soon know.

Senator Foraker was one of the early advocates of the recognition of the Cuban republic, and he says, and correctly, too, that the resolutions passed by Congress at the last session, demanding the withdrawal of the Spanish army and navy from Cuba and Cuban waters, were coupled with another by the United States, pledging the Cubans full liberty to select their own government. While the Senator believed that this country should endeavor to secure a peaceful adjudication of affairs in Cuba, he did not believe it had a right to maintain a standing army on the island. Senator Foraker predicted that if the Cubans were permitted to organize their own form of government they would shortly seek annexation, while if we undertook to hold them in subjection their enmity would be aroused and their freedom jeopardized.

It is evident from the remarks of the Ohio Senator that the Cuban question will not be settled at Paris, but that Congress will be the forum in which its future will be discussed and decided. Popular feeling at present seems to favor the retention of control over Cuba by our government, but this was not the purpose of the war, nor was it provided for by the terms of the peace protocol. These terms provided simply that Spain should "relinquish all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba," and that Cuba and the other Spanish islands in the West Indies should be immediately evacuated. The status of Cuba was apparently not settled beyond this, and a very lively and possibly an aggressive element, on the Republican side, will have something to say concerning the matter.

The administration has been beset with many difficulties in the conduct of the war with Spain, and it has had and deserved the earnest support of the American people. But it neglected, in our judgment, to gather the fruits of the victory when they ripened and were ready to fall. A situation of perplexity has resulted, but not, we believe, of great danger, for the administration has shown its ability more than once to successfully meet new conditions with new methods, and to succeed when failure threatened. Nations, like individuals, must learn by experience, and nations, like individuals, will be wise if they will profit by the experiences of others as well as by their own.

Oh, No!

SENATOR HOAR, of Massachusetts, makes this bold declaration: "My opinion is that if the United States acquires the Philippine Islands, to govern them as a subject or vassal state, the destruction of the American republic will date from the administration of William McKinley."

We have profound respect for the opinions of such men as Senator Hoar, Representative Boutelle, Andrew Carnegie, and others who oppose the taking of the Philippines, but it is in order to ask them what should be done with the Spanish colonies. After having fought the battle for humanity's sake, shall we turn over to the tender mercies of Spain the frightfully oppressed colonies? Shall we deliver them up to the natives for the experiment of self-government, or shall we take them under the shadow of our wing until we have taught them the way of liberty?

Who is better qualified by experience, by actual knowledge, to speak than Admiral Dewey? This is what he writes, under date of October 3d, to President Brown, of Norwich (Vermont) University: "I trust the entire Philippine archipelago will be retained by the United States. Any other arrangement will lead to no end of trouble."

Much as we respect the judgment of our home statesmen, we respect still more the judgment of our fighting admiral, whose bravery, honesty, conservatism, wisdom, and ripe judgment no one dares question.

The Right to Pool.

THE recent decision by the United States Supreme Court, to the effect that the Joint Traffic Association of railroads was organized in violation of the anti-trust provisions of the interstate commerce law, has led to renewed discussion of the question of the pooling of railroad earnings.

The Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, president of the Joint Traffic Association, which has been recently dissolved, and who has been a most earnest advocate of a law to permit pooling, sheds considerable light on the question in a recent interview, and makes an argument which is certainly entitled to consideration. He says that competition between railroads differs entirely from competition in trade. The absence of a pooling agreement, with a penalty for its violation, permits a bankrupt railroad, which has no obligations to meet to the investors in its securities, to arrange with the big shipper to give him transportation facilities at a ruinously low rate. The big shipper, enjoying this advantage, can drive his competitors out of existence, and thus create a trust or combination of his own, to the injury of public and private interests.

Mr. Depew says that all the railroads ask is for the right to contract among themselves, or, in other words, to form a pool, and they are entirely willing to agree that no pool shall be made unless with the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission; that this commission shall have supervision of the operations of the pool, and power to abrogate any clause of the pooling agreement that may be regarded as unjust or unsatisfactory, and even to change the rates if they shall appear to be unreasonable. The railroad companies do not care how much the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission are enlarged; they simply ask that the laws shall be so adjusted to present conditions as to enable the railroads to conduct their business on a stable basis and earn a reasonable return on the capital invested. And he adds that unless legislative relief is guaranteed, the bankruptcy of many railroads will result, and, in the end, the railway business of the entire country will be concentrated in the hands of a few corporations.

A pooling bill introduced in Congress last year by Senator Foraker, which has much to commend it, amended the interstate commerce act so as to legalize pooling. It provided that pooling agreements shall be approved by a commission empowered at any time to disapprove an agreement when it resulted in unreasonable rates, unjust discrimination, insufficient service to the public, or was otherwise objectionable to public interests. It would seem as if such a bill should receive the consent of Congress. At least, it would do no harm to give the experiment a fair trial.

The populistic outcry against corporations has done great injury to investors in railroad securities, and has, we fear, in some sections, unduly prejudiced public judgment. This outcry should not be permitted to stifle the free and honest discussion of a most interesting and important public question.

"Leslie's Weekly" for 1899.

AN appreciative reader at Princeton, Illinois, writes that his father has taken LESLIE'S WEEKLY for the past quarter of a century, and that his family esteem it more highly than any other publication they receive. Our correspondent adds: "I think that LESLIE'S WEEKLY is the leading pictorial weekly in the world. Its illustrations of war and peace are far superior to those of other weeklies, and the reading-matter is excelled by none. We have kept well abreast of the leading events of the war through the medium of your weekly, and the ten cents expended every week has proved a most profitable investment. The paper is to us a dear old family friend, to whom we extend a warm welcome every week. It has proved itself a splendid educator."

This is one of many similar letters of appreciation that we have received. We need not assure our readers that in the coming year LESLIE'S WEEKLY will continue to hold its place as the leading illustrated journal in the country. The superb record made by this publication during the war added enormously to its circulation, and that record will be maintained, regardless of the expense and labor involved. Every subscriber to LESLIE'S WEEKLY should renew his subscription for the current year at once, and thus continue to enjoy the benefit it bestows as an entertainer and an instructor of the household. The subscription price will remain the same as it has been—\$4.00 per year; \$2.00 for six months; and \$1.00 for three months.

No more acceptable Christmas gift than a subscription to LESLIE'S WEEKLY, for a long or short period, can be made. Try it. Send it to a friend or relative. It will be most heartily welcomed and enjoyed, and be a weekly reminder of your regard.

The "Boom" of 1900.

IT was the boast of the South for many years that cotton was king, and of the West, after the close of the civil strife, that corn was king. And now a writer in an esteemed contemporary declares that the Northwest claims the sceptre with the assertion that "Iron is king." And, singularly enough, the centre of the iron industry is in Minnesota, in which, up to twenty-five years ago, it was not supposed that iron ore could be found. It is now the largest producer of iron ore in the United States, finding an inexhaustible supply in the famous deposits of the Mesabi range.

This ore is so conveniently located for shipment via the great lakes that it is laid down in Cleveland at less than the freight charges used to be on iron ore from other districts. The result is that the United States is the greatest iron country in the world, and its surplus is seeking and finding an outlet not only in England, Russia, and Germany, but also in China, Japan, and Africa. What the growth of this industry means in plain figures is revealed by the fact that railroads which are now buying steel rails for \$18 per ton were willing to pay, and did pay, before the development of this industry in the United States, \$135 per ton for rails made in England.

The surplus of our cotton, wheat, and corn, which has found

a market abroad, has enriched us for many years. How much richer will we be when we sell the surplus of our enormous products of iron? Get ready for the boom in 1900!

The Plain Truth.

THE Russian Czar recently proposed an international scheme of general disarmament. Nobody seconded the motion, and he has now ordered the construction of twenty-three torpedo-boat destroyers of the latest type, and is ready to take the other side of the question.

It is not generally known that a very large number of counterfeit copper and nickel coins is in circulation, principally, it is believed, in the cities, though the impression prevails that they are in general circulation, but have been most frequently detected in the populous centres. At one Treasury office, during the past fiscal year, nearly 70,000 counterfeit pennies and five-cent pieces were thrown out, and it is a significant fact that during the preceding year only 30,000 were detected at this office. Somebody is evidently enjoying a profitable revenue from the counterfeiting of our smallest coins, which are seldom carefully scrutinized.

Some doubt is expressed as to the expediency of the proposed movement, on the part of certain interests in New York, to endeavor to regulate express charges by legislative action. Such a bill, it is understood, will be presented to the Legislature, coupled with a provision for State supervision of express companies. Ordinarily, such a measure would be regarded as a "strike," and naturally would be resisted as such. In this instance, however, mercantile influences are behind the measure, and the question arises whether these could not secure the relief they seek more readily by a conference with the managers of the express companies, and an effort to reach a harmonious adjustment of existing differences. It is not always wise to rush to the Legislature with a demand for relief for any particular interest, because the example is too often followed in behalf of a bad cause.

The annual report of the Secretary of War, General Alger, is such a practical, intelligent, and interesting document that we dislike to criticise any part of it. But we doubt if the country will approve the suggestion that the government expend \$20,000,000 in the construction of a railroad throughout the length of Cuba, with branch roads to the coast cities, mainly for the purpose of giving employment to Cubans. Just why we should give employment to the inhabitants of a country over which we are only exercising nominal supervision and control, while we have thousands of unemployed in the United States, we cannot understand. Secretary Alger is too good a business man to be misled, even by bad advisers, and in this matter he certainly has not had good advice, no matter even if it came from that somewhat ubiquitous and suggestive gentleman, Colonel Hecker.

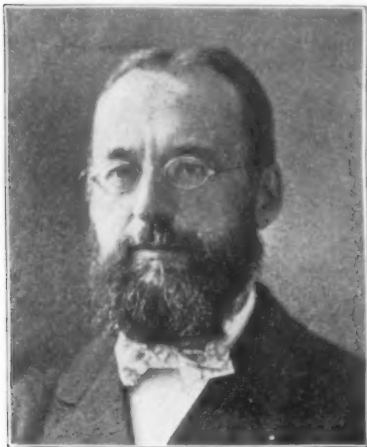
General James Longstreet, the venerable commissioner of railroads, has allowed his enthusiasm over our new Eastern possessions to outride his discretion. He made the ridiculous recommendation in his annual report that the government construct and operate a double-track, first class railway from Kansas City, Missouri, to San Diego, California, "to draw the people closer together in interest and sympathies, and serve them as a safeguard against the monopoly of corporations." General Longstreet predicts an enormous increase of trade on the Pacific coast, arising from the possession of Hawaii and the Philippines, and, by some mysterious process of ratiocination, he includes Cuba and Porto Rico, on our Atlantic coast, in his calculations regarding transcontinental business. It was a kindness to give General Longstreet, in his old age, a place on the railway commission, but he will do the government a favor if he will refrain from making any more absurd suggestions.

The anti-cigarette craze has taken hold of the Chicago city council. It is either this or the lobby is at work. The Chicago council has voted to increase the tax on cigarettes in that city from \$100 to \$500. There are 5,500 cigar-dealers in Chicago, and only 225 have been able to pay the present license fee of \$100, so that the new tax will be practically prohibitory. If the small quantity of tobacco put into a cigarette is objectionable, what should be said of the larger amount put into a cigar? We do not advocate the use of tobacco. That is a matter of personal preference. But we fail to realize why there should be a crusade directed especially against the cigarette, which is, perhaps, the most harmless form in which tobacco is sold. In tropical countries, where tobacco is used by all the inhabitants, male and female, the cigarette has the preference, and its baleful effects are in no wise to be compared with those attributed to cigar-smoking and tobacco-chewing in this country. We are ready to believe that the action of the Chicago council is due to spite against certain cigar-dealers who have been accused of taking too much interest in politics.

A decision of great interest to employer and employé has just been rendered by the Supreme Court of Michigan. Union teamsters boycotted the mill of Jacob Beck & Sons, of Detroit, and an injunction was issued against the strikers. The decision of the court says that laborers have the right to fix a price upon their labor, and to refuse to work unless that price is obtained, and have the right to combine and organize to improve their condition or secure better wages; that they may use persuasion to induce men to join their organization, or refuse to work except for established wages, and that they may present their case to the public in a peaceable way. But the court holds that employers can also employ whom they please, at wages agreed upon with their employes, and that this right must be maintained, or personal liberty will become a sham. The union was therefore enjoined from picketing the premises and distributing boycott circulars in front of the mill or anywhere else, as well as from all acts of intimidation or coercion. This is but one of a large number of similar decisions rendered by the courts in the interests of fair play to both the contending parties, and more than that no American citizen ever asks.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—MUCH interest has been aroused in religious circles, and even outside of them, by talks on the Bible which Professor



PROFESSOR KARL BUDDE, D.D.

Karl Budde, D.D., has been giving in New York City and before the Yale and Cornell Divinity schools. Professor Budde is one of the leaders of the theological school which has laid the foundation of the scientific literary criticism of the Bible, and to those who believe absolutely in the infallibility of all portions of the Scriptures his views seem radical and dangerous. His intention, he says, is to strengthen faith. He believes that if Christianity is to remain as a spiritual force it must stand upon a stronger foundation than Scriptural inerrancy, and that it is necessary to discard the idea that the Old Testament was, word for word, inspired by God. He thinks that such a theory is weakening rather than strengthening. Professor Budde was born in Germany forty-two years ago. He became assistant professor of Hebrew at the University of Bonn in 1879, and ten years later was summoned to the ancient University of Strasburg, where he soon became chief professor of Semitic languages.

—A Southern girl recently very much in the public eye is Miss Helen Pitkin, the daughter of the present postmaster of



MISS HELEN PITKIN.

New Orleans, who, under President Harrison, served as envoy extraordinary to the Argentine Republic. Miss Pitkin's mother was Nellie Fuller, a great beauty during her short twenty-six years, and a niece of the famous Margaret Fuller. A wealth of soft gold-brown hair frames the face that in repose is perhaps a trifle sad. A few years ago Helen Pitkin was a gay society butterfly, the toast of half the men in New Orleans and the envy of more than half the women. To-day, although but a few years out of her "teens," she occupies the important position of editor-in-chief of the woman's department of the *Times-Democrat*, the largest paper in the South. She has four reporters, all women, under her, edits their copy and that of the entire society department, besides furnishing the paper with eleven columns of original material every week. Despite the rush of her newspaper life, she still finds time to send short stories and verses to other publications, and to meet no end of social obligations. Musically, she is very accomplished, playing skillfully upon the harp, mandolin, and piano. Hers is a busy life.

—To such a low ebb has politics come in Massachusetts that the Republican nominee for Governor found it unnecessary to



GOVERNOR ROGER WOLCOTT.

make a single campaign speech this year. Governor Roger Wolcott, the present chief executive of the State, who has just been re-elected, was Lieutenant-Governor when the late Governor Greenhalge died in office. Governor Wolcott served as acting Governor until Governor Greenhalge's time expired. Meanwhile, he was nominated for the Governorship, and elected by an unprecedented majority. He was re-elected, and his recent election was the third. The ensuing year will probably be Governor Wolcott's last year in the Governorship. By many he is looked upon as the successor of Senator Hoar. Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, is his cousin. Senator Lodge is his personal friend. Governor Wolcott is rich. Although a lawyer, he does not practice. His time is divided between the state house and in looking after his large financial interests. His wife, who was a Miss Prescott, comes from one of the oldest and most distinguished Massachusetts families, while the Governor's ancestors took a leading part in

the settlement of Connecticut. Mrs. Wolcott is a direct descendant of Colonel Prescott, who commanded the American forces at Bunker Hill, and the historian Prescott was her grandfather.

—One of the wide-awake consuls of the American government is the Hon. John A. Barnes, who represents us at Cologne, Germany. One of his recent reports is of the utmost importance to American meat-packers. Mr. Barnes shows that during the last fifteen years, embracing the period since the decree was issued prohibiting the importation of American meats, over 3,000 cases of illness from trichina have occurred in the kingdom of Prussia, and that in over forty-one per cent. of these cases the illness was due to the consumption of European pork which had been examined in Germany and passed as free from trichina, while the remaining cases have been traced to the importation of European meat, partly examined and partly not examined, found to contain trichina and still handled by the trade. In not one of the 3,000 cases, says the American consul, could it be proved that the illness was caused by the use of American salted, pickled, or tinned meat or smoked sausage, and a reward of 1,000 marks has been offered to the person who can prove that trichina has been transferred to human beings by the consumption of American meats. In view of this statement, made by a responsible party, it becomes our duty to ask for the prompt repeal of the German decree prohibiting the importation of our meats, and if that request is not granted there should be prompt retaliatory action by our government.

—How often the question has been asked, "Why does anybody chew gum?" The most intelligent answer to this question



HON. W. J. WHITE.
Photograph by Hollinger.

has at last been given, and, appropriately, by one of the most successful manufacturers of gum in the world, viz., ex-Congressman W. J. White, of Cleveland. Said Mr. White: "A man is a bundle of nerves, and his mouth is his safety-valve. The farmer in the field, nervous over his work, chews a twig or a wisp of hay. The lawyer chews the end of his cigar. The school-child thrusts her nails into her mouth and bites them. The maker of chewing-gum is, therefore, a public benefactor. He supplies a necessity of our nervous life, one that is both harmless and inexpensive." Mr. White is a man of attractive features and stands six and a quarter feet high. He was born not far from Toronto, in Canada, and, with his widowed mother, moved at an early age to Cleveland. He was employed on a farm until he was eighteen years old, and then engaged in various occupations until, in 1873, he undertook, in partnership with a friend, the sale of candies. He had moderate success, and in 1874 decided to go into business for himself. He had little capital, but was full of energy and wide awake to every business opportunity. In less than four years he had accumulated, out of a capital of seventy cents, nearly \$4,000. In 1876 he bought out the Busy Bee chewing-gum business from the assignee, George E. Clark, of Cleveland, and ran it in connection with his candy business. He thought he saw the prospects of a fortune in gum and devoted all his energies to it, but in 1882 he had almost exhausted his resources. In this crisis he made an experiment which turned the scales of his fortune. He put up two kinds of what he called "picture gum." Each piece was decorated with a little colored picture, and the novelty of the thing made it an immediate success. In a single day, August 11th, 1882, he took orders in Cleveland for \$1,500 worth of the new gum. From that time on he has had an uninterrupted tide of prosperity, and to-day is a man of ample fortune and elegant leisure. It has been one of the rules of his life always to use his own name on every article he offers to the public, and also to manufacture everything he sells.

—When the roster is made up of the women whose brains, energy, sympathy, private means, and public influence have gone to make them powers in the late war with Spain there should rightly come high up in this list the name of Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, wife of the general of the army of the United States. Never conspicuous in any way in her charitable work, even in Washington, where she makes her home, Mrs. Miles has accomplished a work that has made her name the most beloved and revered of any woman whose praises are sounded throughout the rank and file of the army. It is not often there is met with in a member of the fashionable world a woman of warm heart, deep sympathies, and wide philanthropy; yet in Mrs. Nelson A. Miles all of these qualities are combined. Early in the summer the first practical steps to organize a relief society for the families of poor soldiers were taken by Mrs. Miles. Among other well-known district relief associations for the benefit of the soldiers in which Mrs. Miles has taken an active interest, yet always almost unknown as to her identity, were the "Noon Rest," on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, one of the first organizations of the kind to be established; the "Legion of Loyal Women," who had rooms and refreshments for the soldiers on Ninth Street; and the "Relief of the Ladies of the Pension Bureau," which fed between six and seven thousand troops as they passed through Washington. Mrs. and Miss Chamberlain, widow and daughter of the late Colonel Chamberlain, United States Army, took up the first collection for this purpose among the ladies of the pension bureau. While to the generosity of the latter is due in great measure the ability



MRS. NELSON A. MILES.

to carry on this great work, the task of remaining in Potomac Hall day and night devolved upon a small band of noble-hearted women living in the vicinity of the hall, and especially upon Miss Newmeyer. When, toward the latter part of July, the sick and wounded soldiers were being brought back by thousands, Mrs. Miles, who is secretary of the National White Cross Society of America, accompanied by her daughter, went from Washington to Fortress Monroe. The state of affairs far surpassed anything chronicled. One morning during the fiercely-hot weather there lay at the government hospital seven men wrapped in their army blankets, without which they would have been nude. Mrs. Miles went from one to the other in charge, demanding that the great storehouse crowded with clothing for soldiers from the women of the United States be opened, but no one had authority. She demanded the key, and forthwith suiting the action to the words, exclaimed: "In the name of the women of the United States I unlock these doors!"

—The indictment of Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, for conspiracy and fraud is one of the most remarkable incidents of



SENATOR QUAY.

the dramatic election campaign in Pennsylvania, and, indirectly, one of the results of the wonderful canvass of the State made by Postmaster-General John Wanamaker, the distinguished merchant of New York and Philadelphia. Mr. Wanamaker went up and down throughout the State, as a Republican, openly denouncing the abuses practiced upon the State by this party, and everywhere was heard with profound interest. Mr. Wanamaker's prominence, his wealth, and his social and political power commanded for him a most respectful hearing, and, while he did not succeed in changing the result of the State election, it is beyond question that he planted the seeds of a political revolution that will ultimately result in the downfall of the man and the methods that he so vigorously and courageously attacked.

—The most sensational failure in the cattle business chronicled in recent years in the West was that of Grant C. Gillett, of Woodbine, Kansas. He was supposed to be a millionaire, and was looked upon as the cattle king of the country. Mr. Gillett is only thirty years old, and during the past four years has handled nearly a quarter of a million cattle. He bought droves of animals in Texas and took them north for sale and for feeding. It is believed that his business was profitable, but it was not systematized. He carried on all his extensive operations without the use of books, and enormous transactions were trusted to memory alone. The unexpected maturation of some of his



GRANT C. GILLETT.

paper brought on a crisis, and his creditors began to seize his cattle on his Southwestern ranches, compelling him to assign. Mr. Gillett was most liberal and somewhat eccentric. He organized a cowboy band among his stock-men, which was famous all over the country, and when he traveled in his private car with his band he was the centre of attraction, east and west. The idea of the band was really Mrs. Gillett's, and it was the glory of the Woodbine ranch, the pride of Dickinson County, and the wonder of the State of Kansas.

—For the first time in the memory of living politicians, they will be received at the executive chamber at Albany, New York,



HON. WILLIAM J. YOUNGS.

this winter, by a Governor's private secretary who will not be a "colonel." The Governor-elect early made the very best selection of a secretary when he chose for the place his old friend and neighbor, the Hon. William J. Youngs, at present the district attorney of Queens County. Mr. Youngs is a lawyer of prominence, an earnest worker and talker for the Republican party, and he accepted the place mainly out of friendship for an old friend. Here tofore the private secretary of the Governor of New York has always borne the military title of colonel. Under the new law, however, only the military secretary of the Governor has a military title. Strange to say, Mr. Youngs is rather pleased to be without a decoration. It would not surprise us if he proved to be one of the best private secretaries that the executive chamber has had since the days of Colonel Daniel S. Lamont, who made a famous record—not only as a secretary, but also as the right-hand man of Grover Cleveland while the latter was the Governor of the State.



DESIGNED BY JAMES HANNERTY.

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"I WANT YOU, MY HONEY, FOR MY CHRISTMAS!"



THE AMERICAN HEIRESSSES' CHRISTMAS-TREE.

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T FAIL.

A KLONDIKE CHRISTMAS STORY.

By MAX BENNETT THRASHER.

AMONG the list of hotel arrivals sent one day to the office of a Boston paper, for which I am a reporter, there appeared the name of "Daniel March, Dawson." The city editor handed the "fimsy" over to me and said, pointing to this name, "You had better go and see this man. Maybe he has a good story."

I found he had, for he proved to be a man who had been in the Klondike country for seventeen years. The last twelve years of this time he had not been out of the Yukon valley. Think of that! Twelve years there, where fifty degrees below is only an incident, and where, after the quicksilver freezes, they reckon cold by a bottle of "pain-killer," which freezes at seventy-two degrees below. During these many years he had prospected over pretty much all the country, and had come to know all the white men there previous to the last year's in-rush, and many of the Indians.

What he told me of all that, though, interesting as it was, does not matter here. That was a newspaper story, and this is to be the story of the girl.

I should say Daniel March was a man about forty years of age. He was a big man, with the low voice and gentle manner which big men sometimes have, and which in them is so vastly more impressive than any amount of bluster and loud words would be. His eyes were blue, deep, and dark, the kind of eyes women love, children run to, and men respect, knowing that if they once do flame in anger it will be a righteous wrath, and one not to be withstood. In appearance and manner he was very far from the ideal mining-camp representative. He was too old a man in the work for that. Twelve years of summer and winter in the Yukon country winnow out the riff-raff, and the men who stay through that time are men.

At first he was not much inclined to talk to me. "We mining men," he said, "who have really been there fight rather shy of you newspaper men. You see, papers generally get back there some time, even if it isn't for six months or a year, and next year they'll come quicker than ever before. When a story comes back in print that one of the fellows is made out to have told, and there's lots in it that no man that knew the country would ever have said, the fellows guy that man awfully when they get a chance at him. I've been there about as long as anybody, and up to now I've known all of the fellows there. I'm going back in the spring, when the river breaks up, and I don't want them to have a chance to guy me. Fact, a lot of them said, when I started to come out this year, 'You just wait, Dan, till the newspaper fellows get hold of you, and then you'll know how it is yourself.'"

After a while he got over that feeling, though, especially when he found that I would read over my copy to him before it went up the tube; and we became great friends. It was after we had come back from the theatre—you see, of course, I had to look out that no other fellow got hold of him until it would be too late for next morning's paper—that he told me the story of the girl. He was smoking what was, if I remember rightly, his fourteenth cigar. He had explained, half apologetically, earlier in the afternoon, "You see, I haven't had many cigars lately."

"It was back in the time before the boom began that 'By Jonas' died. We called him that because that was what he used to say. He never was a man to use cuss words, and 'By Jonas' was about as rank as he ever got. Any way, he'd said it so much that all the way up and down the Yukon River valley, and by the Indians, he was called 'By Jonas.' Of course he had another name, but I doubt if any of us there at Forty Mile knew it until afterward."

"That was before the time of Dawson and Circle City, except that Joe Ladue lived on the bank of the Klondike, where Dawson is now. Forty Mile was the most of a town around there then, and quite a lot of us had put in there. We were men who mostly had been in the valley, off and on, for more than one year, and we knew each other. We'd prospected in a good many places. Some years we'd done pretty well, and cleaned up a couple of thousand or so, and other years luck would be bad, and we'd have hard work to get along. The year before the signs of paying dirt on Froze-up Creek, at Forty Mile, had been good, and we'd sorter hove in there; but it hadn't panned out well, and most of us was thinking that when the river broke up in the spring it would mean another move."

"By Jonas' had always had rotten luck. He was one of the whitest men in the whole valley, too, and everybody liked him. But he didn't seem to strike paying dirt. It wouldn't have been so bad if it hadn't been for the girl. In the years he had been there we had all come to know about the girl, for he liked to talk about her, and about what he hoped to do for her when he struck luck. So near as we could tell, she was some eight to ten years old then, and lived with her grandmother up in New Hampshire. Of course she had a name, but he never used it, and always spoke of her as 'the girl.'"

"That winter was rather colder than the average. The quicksilver froze 'most all of the time, and there was a good many nights when pain-killer froze, too. You see, it's pretty much all night there in the winter, any way; only between three and four hours of daylight in the twenty-four. On the whole, though, we were very comfortable, for in those times every man had a log-house. The day for tents hadn't struck the Klondike then."

"It was after the winter had got well set in that one of the boys came to me and said he didn't think 'By Jonas' was feeling as well as usual. He was an older man than most of us, and not so tough, any way, I reckon. I hadn't thought anything about it, but after he spoke to me I took some notice, and I made up my mind it was so. When it was cold, and he went out of the cabin, the cold made him cough more than he ought to, and he didn't seem so lively. If we were having a game of cards or a bit of music he was more likely to sit back in a corner, and that wasn't his way; for, though he'd always been a quiet man, he'd been good company."

"Well, at the last the end came all at once—came before we'd any of us expected it. One of the boys came to me one day and said 'By Jonas' was sick and wanted to see me. When I went up to his cabin I found him lying in his bunk with a robe wrapped around him."

"I reckon I'm through, Dan," said he, looking up when I'd sat down. He smiled, sorter, when he said it, as if he wanted to make out it was all right, but after a minute the tears came into his eyes."

"It's awful hard, Dan," he went on, "when a man's got done, to have to know he's failed. All her life I've kept thinking I surely was going to do something for the girl, and now I'm through and I haven't, and she'll have to go it alone as best she can."

"I didn't say anything, for I couldn't think of anything to say."

"I'll tell you why I sent for you," 'By Jonas' went on. "You're a New England man, too, and some time you may go back there. If you ever do, I want you to go and see the girl, and tell her all about it, and tell her I tried."

"Then he told me her name and where she lived. 'It was this way,' said he. 'My folks were Boston people, old and rich and proud. I fell in love with a girl who had come down from a New Hampshire farm to work in the city as a servant. My folks said if I married her I'd disgrace them, and that they'd have nothing to do with her. She was sweet and beautiful and a good woman. I loved her and I married her. I never was in my father's house afterward. That didn't matter while she lived. I was happier in two years than I'd been all the rest of my life. Then the baby came and my wife died. Her mother came down from the farm and took the baby home, and has cared for her ever since. But she is an old woman now, and there is only the farm. God help them; I haven't.'"

"Well, by that time I'd got my wind, and told him as how he'd be better the next day, and so did the other boys, when they came in. But he wasn't. He knew better than we did what was the matter with him. He wasn't sick. He'd just got through."

"The next day he told two or three of us how he wanted to be buried. 'I know it'll be quite a lot of trouble,' he said, 'but it's the quiet time of the year, when there isn't much to do, and it'll be the last thing I'll ever ask of you.'"

"I'd always thought, before he had told me what he had, that 'By Jonas' had been better educated than the most of us, and I suppose he'd got his notion from some book he'd read or studied when he was a boy. I suppose he'd been to Harvard College. I think he said something in the talk about Pat Kulus, but whether that was the name of the man who wrote the book, or what, I never rightly gathered."

"You see, on Froze-up Creek the claims were staked out five hundred feet up and down the creek valley, and extending from rim rock to rim rock—that is, from the high land on one side to the high land on the other. In the winter Froze-up, like all the creeks in that country, froze solid dry. That was how it got its name, although it wasn't any different in that from any of the other water-ways 'round about."

"I tell you what I want you to do, boys," said 'By Jonas' when he had got to talking. 'After I'm done I want you to bury me out in the bed of the creek. Then, when she thaws out next spring, and the water comes down, there'll not be any trace of me left. I've made a failure of my life, and now I'm going to step out of it, I don't want to leave any sign behind me. It isn't what I'd thought it would be,' he added, after being quiet for a minute. After a while he went on: 'It'll be quite a lot of work, I know, boys, because you'll have to keep a fire there quite a while this weather to thaw the gravel, but it's the last thing I shall ask.'"

"Of course we told him we'd do it. There wasn't anything any man of us wouldn't have done for 'By Jonas,' and if anybody thought his wish was odd he didn't say so."

"Two days after that he died—just stopped breathing, easy like. After we had fixed up the cabin as well as we could, and hasped the door, we held a meeting up in Long Dave's cabin to see what should be done. There wasn't any need of hurrying about the funeral, in that climate, and we all agreed that 'By Jonas' ought to have everything done that could be. Two of the boys offered to whip-saw out enough lumber so that he could be buried in a coffin, and some of the fellows even talked about getting a preacher from down the river to help bury him. We finally gave that up, though, for the nearest one was at the Russian mission, and in midwinter that was a long way to ask a man to come just to make a prayer."

"Six of us agreed to get the grave ready. We reckoned it would take about four days to get it down deep enough. First, we had to pickaxe the ice in the creek-bed, and then thaw and pickaxe the gravel. In general, in dry gravel you can go down that way three feet a day, but in the creek-bed it was harder. We built two good fires every twenty-four hours, and then dug in between. There's plenty of fuel, and green stuff, after you get it going, will hold the heat better than dry."

"My watch happened to come the very last night. We reckoned we'd got down about deep enough, and that when it came daylight the next day we'd bury him. Long Dave, who had a Bible, was going to read something from that, and we allowed that would be all right."

"It had come on pretty cold. Some of the boys came down to see if we hadn't better let up for the night, but we'd got 'most done, and I wanted to finish. The boys had built up a big fire beside where the grave was, and I was standing there with them. The fellow who was helping me was down in the grave throwing out a few last shovelfuls of gravel, before we called it done. A handful of frozen gravel, which he had pitched out, struck the side of the mound near where I was and came rolling down. Somehow one piece caught my eye, and I picked it up. It was heavy. I scratched it with the corner of a pick, and the

scratch shone bright in the fire-light. It was a four-ounce nugget of pure gold."

"Another man jumped down into the grave with a shovel, and we by the fire pulled over what they threw out. Nugget followed nugget. It was the richest find the Yukon country had up to that time ever seen."

"And the man who owned it, to whom it would have meant so much, lay dead in his cabin up there on the hill."

"Just as soon as we could get the men together we held a meeting to decide what to do. After some talk we agreed that, since the reason 'By Jonas' had wanted to be buried there was to be hidden because he thought he had failed, he wouldn't want to go there now he hadn't failed."

"He'd a mighty sight rather we'd work the claim out," said one man, "and send the money to the girl; and that is what we will do." We all agreed to that, and finally decided we would pickaxe a grave for him up in the little graveyard on the hill, where the other dead men were."

"We'll buy him a gravestone," said one man, "a real white gravestone, and have it sent in, and we'll have put on it, 'After all, he didn't fail.' For I count there'll be a comfortable fortune there to send to the girl."

"We all allowed as how she ought to know about it as soon as she could—about her father's death and her fortune. There was an Indian going to start down the river the next day with a dog-team, and we thought we'd better send a letter by him, because even then it would probably be six months or more before she'd get it."

"Long Dave generally did the writing for all of us. He kept some paper and a bottle of ink. So we moved the meeting up to his cabin. While he fussed around, thawing out the ink and getting papers ready, we talked about how glad 'By Jonas' would be if he knew. Some of the men reckoned he did, but others weren't so sure. By and by Long Dave came toward us with some papers in his hands. 'Boys,' said he, 'do you know what day it is? I've just been looking up the date, and this is Christmas Eve.'"

"I don't think it was until some time after that, not until we had got all the plans for 'By Jonas' and the girl made, that we boys began to realize that if it was a vein we had struck, and not a pocket, and the drift ran up and down the creek, as seemed likely, we might all hope to be rich, too, for our claims all lay side by side up and down Froze-up."

"This proved to be the case. The next summer saw better luck for all of us than we had ever struck before, and the great boom of the Klondike country began. After that began we decided that the best thing we could do for the girl was to hold her claim until we could get a good price, and then sell it. We sold it this summer for forty thousand dollars. That isn't a great pile, as things have gone there this year, but we thought it was best for her to have a good safe thing, and for a girl that is a very comfortable sum. She'll be taken care of, any way, and that was what her father wanted."

"The boys thought I'd better be the one to come and bring it, since it was to me he told the story, and I didn't object to coming home, myself, to see my father and mother, now that I've got something of my own, too, to bring. They're old folks now, but they're both living, down in Maine, and I shall get down there for the winter as soon as I've been up into New Hampshire and done my errand there."

"Yes, they know 'By Jonas' is dead. We got a letter back from the grandmother. She thanked us, for the girl, for all we'd done, but it was plain to see she didn't take any stock in our thinking there was a lot of money coming for them."

"Here's where they live, and this is the girl's name."

He showed me a slip of paper, and when I had read the name I understood why "By Jonas" had wished to hide in an obliterated grave what he thought to be a wasted life. The name was one of the proudest in New England, and borne by a family which has given a President to the nation and a Governor to its State, and whose men have been soldiers, scholars, and statesmen."

"Do they know you are coming?" I asked.

"No," said he, "they don't. And do you know," he added, "I'm killing time here in Boston now on purpose, so I shall get up there into New Hampshire and out to the farm just on Christmas Eve."

At Home on Sick Furlough.

DEDICATED TO THE SEVENTH ARMY CORPS.

THESE are the boys that marched away,
Eager and resolute, dauntless and gay,
Ready to answer their country's call,
Ready to fight and ready to fall;
Ready to do the utmost deed
Of the men of old, at the nation's need,
Ready, aye, ready.

THESE are the boys that waited long,
Steady and faithful, patient and strong,
Through the dull and dreary days of camp,
The burning heat and the mouldy damp,
With beds of plank and army fare,
Cheery and gallant and debonair,
Ready, aye, ready.

THESE are the boys that heard the cheer
From Santiago ringing clear,
Where their comrades won a deathless name
While they were barred from the field of fame,
With patient courage and faith sublime
They bore their weary waiting-time,
Ready, aye, ready.

THESE are the brave, brave boys, who fell—
Not in the storm of shot and shell—
A deadlier marksman laid them low,
The wasting fever, sure and slow;
Through torture nights and days of flame,
Facing the death that passed or came,
Ready, aye, ready.

THESE are the boys that are going back,
Pale and thin from the fever rack;
Romance all gone and glamour done,
The fields they hoped to conquer, won;
Never a chance for shining deed,
But still, for their country's every need,
Ready, aye, ready.

No pomp, nor glory, nor martial noise,
Nor war's wild splendor and daring joys.
Ah! truest of the brave are they,
Who, calm and steadfast, wait and obey;
For the slow, unbuilding work of peace,
Till the task is done and the need shall cease,
Ready, aye, ready.

SAMANTHA WHIPPLE SHOUT.

Army Hospitals in San Francisco.

MODEL INSTITUTIONS AND THE GREAT GOOD THEY ARE DOING
—NOBLE WORK OF PROMINENT LADIES CONNECTED WITH
THE RED CROSS.



CORPORAL VAN HORN, ASTOR BATTERY,
WHOSE LEG WAS AMPUTATED WHILE
ON THE WAY HOME FROM MANILA.

ALL the hospital work of the United States Army is by no means being done on the Atlantic coast. Many of the men from Cuba have returned, but 18,000 volunteers are still in Manila—a deadly climate—and never a transport returns but is laden with invalids. San Francisco is doing its share toward mending and healing the men from the Philippines, with a division hospital capable of accommodating 500 men, and a Red Cross hospital for those recovering, capable of holding thirty more. These hospitals are usually full, as is also the

charming convalescents' home, managed by the Oakland Red Cross Society, in Oakland, across the bay, where forty men and more are provided with a shelter that is really a home, and where the climate is much more salubrious and favorable to recovery than across the bay.

The Red Cross convalescent homes are really models. The one in San Francisco is located on the Presidio military reservation, about 200 yards from the division hospital, and was built by the State Red Cross Society and furnished by its auxiliaries. The ladies, under whose special charge the plans were drawn and the building erected, were Mrs. Willard B. Harrington, State president of the Red Cross Society, and Mrs. Oscar F. Long, wife of Colonel Long, of the United States Army. In Oakland, the convalescents' home is under the special charge of Mrs. Long's mother, Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, the wife of the president of the Central Pacific Railroad. These ladies have specially interested themselves in the Red Cross work, and, with Mrs. Merrill, have done more for the soldiers than any other quartette of ladies in California.

The convalescents' home is the ideal of what such an institution should be. The building cost \$1,800, without the plumbing, and since its erection a glass annex, where the patients sun themselves, has been added. The building is a cheerful combination of red and green; red as to sides, where the California redwood shows its wholesome color, and green as to stained shingles, where they show against the green background of trees. Inside is a big ward where the sun shines all day. The Red Cross ladies were thoughtful enough to build a big fire-place at one end of the ward, and in this a wood fire crackles cheerfully, though the real warmth of the place comes from prosaic steam-pipes. Cheerful pictures adorn the room, and there are the freshest and crispest of white curtains at every window. Every piece of china is blue and white, and the dining-room is the coziest place in the world. There are four special rooms for cases which require isolation—for frequently the doctors turn over men very low with typhoid fever to the gentle Red Cross nurses. Of these nurses there are two by day and one by night, with a superintendent who draws no salary and works for love. No wonder the boys look on the convalescents' home as a haven of refuge.

Under the same physicians as the Red Cross home, but, oh, how different! is the United States division hospital, only a few yards away. This is a hospital, not a home, and it has not always been above reproach. The men who have been sheltered there have complained bitterly. Sick men are always unreasonable, but even this does not account for all the complaints that have come from the division hospital.

Before the hospital was removed to its present location in the brick barracks there were many abuses. Since the removal from tents some of these abuses have been corrected, but there are still complaints of inattention from frolicsome nurses, coarse food, poorly served, and protests against dirt and delays. The cooking was so bad that the San Francisco Red Cross Society asked permission to put in a *chef*, and, the desired consent from the government being forthcoming, installed a *chef* who is paid sixty dollars a month. The San Francisco and California Red

Cross societies have done magnificent work, the aggregate money contributions to the two societies being over \$100,000.

There have been a number of surgical operations in the division hospital, but the only man whose leg has been amputated is Corporal Van Horn, of the Astor Battery, who was wounded at the battle of Manila. At first it was thought that his leg could be saved, but during his voyage to San Francisco on the *Rio de Janeiro* it was found that amputation would be necessary. With the ship pitching in a storm and the operating-table at an angle of forty-five degrees, which by no means remained constant, Van Horn's leg was amputated. Though he recovered nicely, it has since been found that the leg will have to be taken off at the hip. Van Horn is now on his way to New York, where the operation will be performed. By far the most of the San Francisco hospital cases are typhoid, measles, and malaria, which have taken off scores of the volunteers in Manila and Honolulu. There have been countless burials at sea of men who have died from fevers and pneumonia.

The capacity of the division hospital is 500 men, and when there is a transport recently in the accommodations are taxed. At present there are 400 men in the hospital. Dr. Eberts, recently from Cuba, is at the head of both institutions.

MABEL CLARE CRAFT.

Deserves the Thanks of Congress.

CONSUL-GENERAL WILDMAN AND THE DIPLOMATIC MANNER
IN WHICH HE OPENED THE DOOR TO DEWEY IN MANILA.

IF Consul-General Wildman at Hong-Kong, is given "the thanks of Congress," in response to the general sentiment in

favor of such a recognition, it will be a precedent that the government might well extend to others of its diplomatic corps. The thanks of Congress, accompanied usually by a gold medal, is the nearest approach to a decoration in this country. Our army and navy have heretofore been the recipient of this honor, as well as sharing in prize bounties and brevet ranks in war-time, while our diplomats and consular appointees have not been given a share in either. Consul-General Wildman has made for himself an international reputation of high order.

He has been forced to grapple with a number of delicate questions, and his tact, good judgment, and infinite



CONSUL-GENERAL WILDMAN.

patience have saved our country great loss of life and enormous expenditures. When he took the Philippine insurgents in hand, before Admiral Dewey sailed for Manila, they were a disorganized and desperate band of rebels. They had just emerged from their latest rebellion against Spanish rule, and the results of their bravery and success in the field had been defeated by the diplomacy of the Spaniard in the Cabinet. Their little junta in Hong-Kong was divided against itself. Aguinaldo, their former president, had been virtually driven from his leadership by Atachio, his minister of the interior, a man of education, sagacity, and action. Aguinaldo and General Pio Pilar had started for Europe, and his remaining cabinet members were quarreling and suspicious and had lost the confidence of the wealthy Filipinos, under the leadership of Don Maximino Cortes.

At the beginning of the troubles, Mr. Wildman, in consultation with Admiral Dewey, urged the admiral to take a delegation of the Filipinos on his flag-ship. The admiral was favorable to the idea and offered them passage, but the scheme was defeated by jealousies that arose among the factions. Mr. Wildman later was able to harmonize the disgruntled members of the junta and persuaded Atachio to recognize Aguinaldo as the chief of the Filipinos. He won the confidence of all the factions and kept Aguinaldo faithful to his promises to obey all

orders of the commander of the American forces, even when the rebel chieftain was flushed with success, and at the head of an army larger than the American forces in Luzon.

That such an undertaking was a personal triumph is easily understood when it is considered that Consul-General Wildman was never in a position to make Aguinaldo any promises or offer any recognition from our government. He could only repeat, to each renewed complaint from the insurgent president that he was being treated as a bandit, and to his most natural request to know what was our policy and toward what end he was fighting, that he must "trust to the honor and justice of the United States, and let nothing interfere with the throwing off of the Spanish yoke"—a sentence that has become famous among Tagalo orators and in Philippine history. Wildman has been Aguinaldo's mentor, and has handled the uprising of the natives of our new colony in the Southern Pacific, and held them in check. He has so managed their affairs, which were forced upon him, that these disorganized and tax-burdened natives have succeeded in subjugating the troublesome hordes of Spanish priests and Spanish interior governments, and placing great country districts, as large in extent as England, at our feet. And this, too, while serving our government in one of its most important diplomatic posts, and executing with credit the great responsibilities of such an office when it was the doorway of the entire Philippine campaign.

"The thanks of Congress" would be perhaps a gratification to Mr. Wildman, but it is not a very substantial reward for such signal service as he has rendered.

Cuba Victrix.

SHE has risen from the grave,
She has risen from the wave,
She has risen fair and brave
To the light of wondrous day.
She has fought and she has won,
And the flame of freedom's sun
Shall abide with her for aye!

Here's the crown, O Maceo!
Here's the guerdon for thy woe.
Rest, O Gomez, there is no foe!
Here is peace and liberty!
Here is Cuba free and green,
Once again triumphant queen
Of the islands in the sea!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

The Only Vessel That Shows a Mark.

AFTER THE MOST IMPORTANT NAVAL WAR OF THE CENTURY
THERE IS BUT ONE AMERICAN WAR-SHIP THAT BEARS
A WOUND INFLICTED BY THE ENEMY.

VISITORS to the Brooklyn Navy Yard show no diminution in numbers. Their interest attests the abounding popularity of the navy. They go through the yard, visit the shops, invade the war-ships, and ask all sorts of questions, which are cheerfully answered by the attachés of the yard of all ranks. Although the great vessels receive their full share of admiration, many visitors are greatly taken with the four torpedo-boats, the *Winslow*, *Ericsson*, *Foote*, and *Rogers*. Probably this interest is due in a degree to the heroic work these pigmies of the navy are expected to perform in attacking ships a dozen times their size, and also to the celebrity which Bagley won for the *Winslow* at Cardenas.

All four, rusty and dingy, and bearing evidence of service, are tied up at a dock in the Brooklyn Navy Yard basin. At a later period, when other demands are less urgent, these torpedo-boats will be given a thorough overhauling. The *Winslow* is the only vessel of the navy that still bears the marks inflicted by the Spanish enemy. On its conning-tower is the hole—now stuffed with canvas to keep out rain—made by a shell from the masked battery at Cardenas. As all the world knows, brave young Ensign Bagley was in this tower at the time, directing the working of the little vessel, when the shell exploded, killing him at his post. Fragments of the shell struck the side of the steel conning-tower opposite to that where it entered, and the effect is shown by bulging metal on the outside of the tower. The gallantry and devotion unto death of its young commander, and these scars of war, give the *Winslow* pathetic interest. The Spaniards did manage, during the war, to hit a few other naval vessels. But the marks on all except the *Winslow* have been obliterated. Probably if this daring little boat had not become unmanageable while directly in front of the masked guns at Cardenas she would not have received the wounds she carries. Her wooden consort, the *Hudson*, whose machinery continued to work at command during the engagement, and the crew of which, under continuous fire, were able to get a hawser fastened to the *Winslow* and to tow the latter to a place of safety, received no such serious injury. The Spaniards could not help hitting the *Winslow* where she lay crippled in front of their guns, and that was the reason the shell struck her.



WARD IN RED CROSS HOSPITAL, SAN FRANCISCO.



MEN FROM MANILA IN BEDS AT THE DIVISION HOSPITAL, PRESIDIO BARRACKS, SAN FRANCISCO.



THE PHILIPPINE JUNTA.

F. AGONCELLO AND HIS ASSOCIATE HIGH-COMMISSIONERS AT HONG-KONG, WHO ADMINISTERED THE AFFAIRS OF THE FILIPINO INSURGENTS.—THESE COMMISSIONERS ARE ALL NATIVE MALAYS FROM LUZON, AND ARE MEN OF EDUCATION AND REFINEMENT.—[FROM THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN, MADE SPECIALLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."]

The Cuban Commission.

IT WILL BE MUCH HANDICAPPED IN ITS WORK BY THE DEATH OF GARCIA.

THE work of bringing order out of Cuban chaos and making a stable republic of Cuba has received a very serious set-back in the death of Calixto Garcia. While General Garcia was subordinate to Gomez in the Cuban army he was the real leader of the Cuban patriots in the eyes of the world at large. Gomez is a soldier; Garcia was a soldier, and more. He had the breadth of view, the moderation, and the balance of the statesman, and therefore it was to him that the world looked for authentic statements as to the intentions and hopes of Cuba, and the patriots themselves regarded him as their spokesman to the nations.

General Garcia's life history has been written too often to require any but brief allusion. He was born in Holquin, about 140 miles from Santiago, between sixty and sixty-five years ago. His mother was a native Cuban, but his father and grandfather were loyal Spaniards, who had migrated from Venezuela when that country threw off the yoke of Spain. General Garcia fought through six years of the ten years' war, and spent the last four of it in a Spanish prison. Upon his release, at the end of the war, he returned to Cuba and organized another insurrection, but failed to get a large following because the Cubans put faith in the home-rule promises of Spain. After a year of fighting Garcia and his men were again captured, but were released by a royal edict liberating political prisoners, and supported his family by teaching in Spain until the outbreak of the last Cuban rebellion, when he came to this country and soon afterward went to Cuba.

It is odd that General Garcia, who had braved so many dangers in the field, should die of pneumonia in the city of Washington. But he still met his death in the midst of labors for Cuba. He was at the national capital as the president of a commission appointed by the Cuban Assembly to ascertain the intentions of this government toward Cuba, and to give the President, if he so desires, the benefit of their intimate knowledge of Cuban conditions and requirements in adopting the best policy for all concerned.

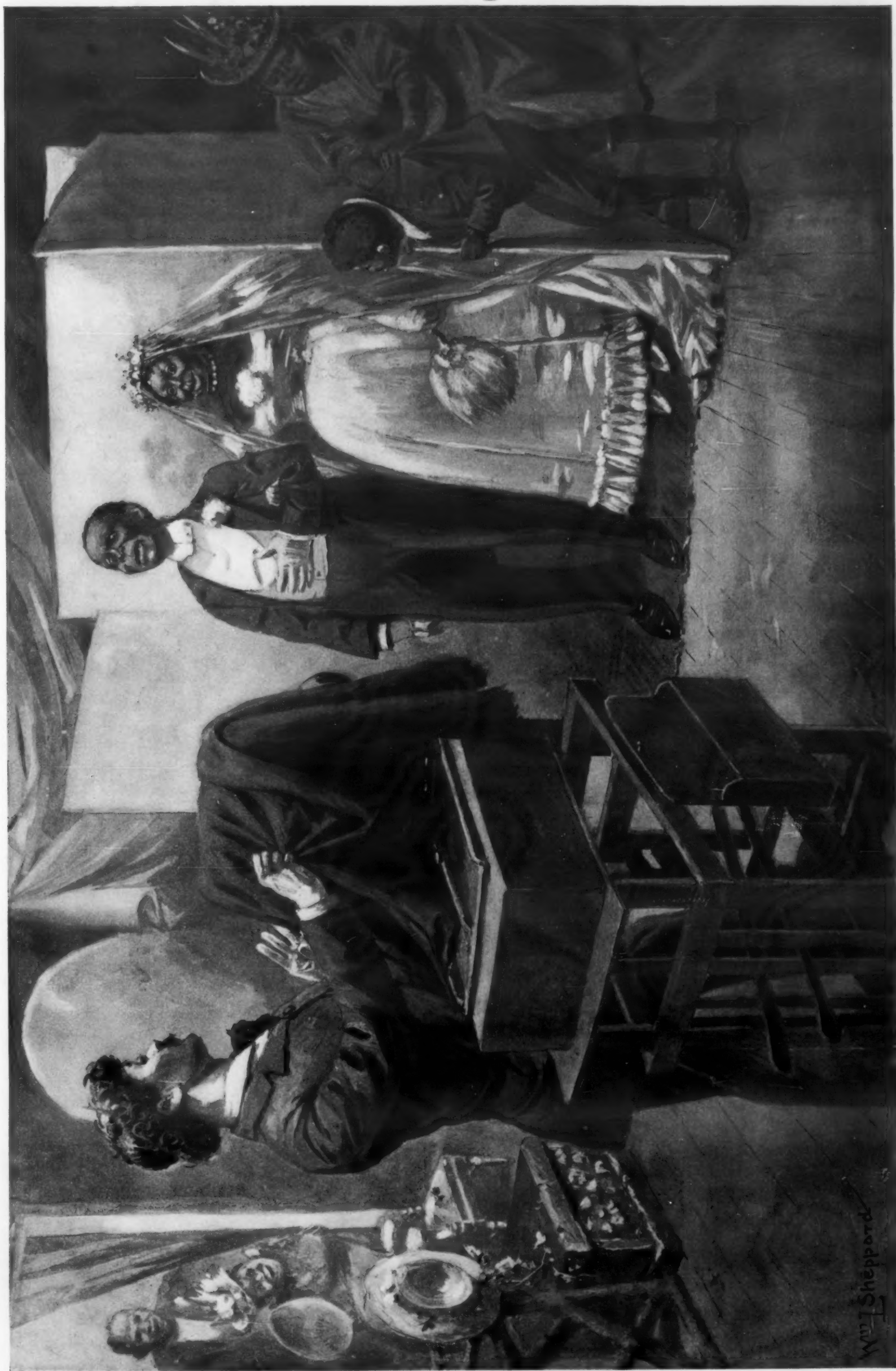
The other members of the commission, who will now have to carry on the work without General Garcia, are Cubans of high motives and attainments. Colonel Manuel Sanguilly is the most prominent literary figure in Cuba. He is a fine orator and fluent writer in both Spanish and English, and has an excellent military record in the ten years' war. He is mentioned in connection with the presidency of the Cuban republic. Major-General José Miguel Gomez commanded the forces against Weyler in Santa Clara Province during the recent war, and proved himself to be a leader of rare ability. He was a rich planter when the war broke out, but sacrificed his property for the cause. He stands very high in the estimation of Cubans. General José M. Gomez is the leading lawyer of

(Continued on page 522.)



THE CUBAN COMMISSION.

THE LATE GENERAL GARCIA AND HIS ASSOCIATES, WHO WERE COMMISSIONED TO VISIT PRESIDENT MCKINLEY IN THE INTERESTS OF CUBA'S FREEDOM. [FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT WASHINGTON FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY," BY B. M. CLINEDINST.]



PHOTOGRAPHING THE BRIDAL PARTY BEFORE THE CHRISTMAS WEDDING AT BLACKVILLE.

Wm J Sheppard



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A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE. - THE RETURN



RETURN OF THE MISSING SOLDIER.

SOLDIERS' TALES OF CAMP AND FIELD.—VI.

HOW SPANISH SOLDIERS BEGGED FOOD FROM OUR MEN DURING HOSTILITIES—BRAVERY OF CORPORAL EDGAR HOLLAND—CLEVERNESS OF A SPANISH SHARPSHOOTER—HOW THE FIRST MAN OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST KILLED IN CUBA LOST HIS LIFE—AN IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

It was in the gathering-room of Company I, at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, that I found Lieutenant Williams one morning, in a group of his comrades, some of whom were busy with accounts, while others listened to comic songs jingled at the piano. The lieutenant is one of the "handsome men" of the Seventy-first, a nephew of Inspector Williams, and how so big a fellow escaped being hit on San Juan hill is more than I can understand.

One of the odd things he told me was about giving food to Spanish soldiers during the days of truce following the capture of San Juan hill. "You see, those chaps were starving," he said, "and they'd sneak across the seven hundred yards between our lines and make motions that they wanted something to eat. One day we got an interpreter and asked them if they didn't think they had a pretty good nerve to strike us for hard-tack and things while the fighting was still on. They made a lot of polite gestures and talked a string of Spanish, the meaning of which was: 'Honorable gentlemen and brave soldiers of America, it is true we have been fighting against you; we have tried to kill you; you have tried to kill us. These things have happened, and may happen again, but in the meantime we must eat. Please understand that, although we shoot you down, we have no personal animosity against you whatsoever; we obey orders just as you do, and we see no reason why we should not accept your bacon and hard-tack if you will be gracious enough to give it to us, especially as we need it sorely.'

"Well," said the lieutenant, "that speech made a big hit with us, and the Spanish soldiers went away with an armful of provisions which we took up in a collection for them. As they started to leave they saluted us again with the greatest politeness, and repeated their assurances that they thought the war a deplorable business, and that it would cause them great regret in the future to have to kill such distinguished gentlemen as we had proved ourselves."

Lively times there were at the armory during those days while the boys were waiting for their pay. Morning and afternoon, groups of men would sit about the balconies, looking down

present an odd case of mistaken diagnosis. During the night attack on San Juan hill a private named Marlow was lying some distance back of the trenches, and just behind him lay Corporal Sutton. All the men here were exposed to a raking fire, and at a certain moment Sutton lifted himself a little and turned to bid some soldiers behind him lie closer to the ground. That second a Mauser bullet passed clean through Marlow's body, entered Sutton's back, passed nearly through his body, and landed against a rib on the right side, which was fractured. Simultaneously with this shot Sutton turned to the front and, feeling the jar on his broken rib but feeling nothing in the back, concluded he had been struck in the breast. And so he reported to the doctor who examined him a little later.

The doctor found a bruise on the right side and a rib in two pieces, but saw no bullet wound, since none was there. So his diagnosis was that Sutton had been injured by the butt of his own rifle, driven into his side when the bullet from Marlow's body struck it. And this opinion was confirmed in the hospital later on, was confirmed again on board the transport, and it was not until Sutton reached the hospital at Newport News, weeks after the shooting, that the bullet-hole in his back was discovered, and the bullet itself located near the fractured rib.

In explanation of this seemingly improbable affair, it should be borne in mind that soldiers on the field of battle have no chance to take their shirts off for days at a time. Also, that the small wounds of entry by Mauser bullets often bleed not at all, but close up quickly, leaving only a small red mark, easily overlooked. Finally, it was natural that Sutton should think that the injury had been inflicted where the bruise was and where he felt the pain. How can a man be expected to know that a discoloration on his side has been caused by a blow from within!

Another member of Company H much talked about is Corporal Edgar Holland. When he entered the war he was a private, and the reason for his promotion is given herewith. During the hard fighting of July 24 Holland was sent back with the water detail to the San Juan River, a mile and a half dis-

they made Holland a corporal and no one grudges him the stripes.

I got another adventure of water detail from another Seventy-first corporal, Paul F. Howard. This also happened on the 2d of July, only it was back from the firing-line—a little incident that shows how clever some of the Spanish sharpshooters were. Howard and three men were going along the road near the river, when they met two officers of the Sixth Cavalry, and just then two shots from the trees passed so close to the officers that there was no doubt whom they were intended for. Indeed, it was the ordinary practice of sharpshooters to pick out shoulder-straps as their marks, and usually private soldiers were allowed to go unharmed. They were after big game, these lurkers in the palm tops.

"Corporal," said one of the officers, addressing Howard, "there are sharpshooters in there; send a couple of bullets through that dark clump." He pointed to a certain tree that seemed to him suspicious.

The corporal lifted his rifle and fired twice with careful aim. Nothing stirred in the tree.

"I must be mistaken," said the officer. "Just take your men, corporal, and scout in a ways through the bush. See if you can't find something."

It looked to Howard as if it was all too probable that he would find something, but an order is an order, and he went ahead, firing now and then at dark spots among the branches. But he got nothing for his pains. Beyond question there was a sharpshooter somewhere very near him, so near that he might have killed the Americans easily. But he held his fire, whether from fear or because he judged that he would serve his own side better by waiting to kill others unprepared. At any rate the corporal counts that he was as near death during that fifteen minutes of nervous bush-beating as he was any time through the war.

It was from Lieutenant Williams that I heard about the killing of Private Skinner, the first man of the Seventy-first to give



ROOM OF COMPANY I, LIEUTENANT WILLIAMS AT THE RIGHT.



GROUP OF SEVENTY-FIRST MEN WATCHING SOLDIERS' ANTICS AT THE ARMORY.

on the great floor space where certain ones of the regiment would be sure to have some lively antics in progress—now a squad of men rushing another squad like so many collegians at a cane-fight; now a mock drill going on under the direction of "Smoke," Major Keck's orderly, and a mascot of the regiment, who would strut before the line in brand-new hat and gloves and overcoat, and give himself great airs, his face stretched into such a grin of delight as would set the men roaring. "Smoke" went through the campaign with a good grit, and did what he could to be useful as well as entertaining; he created meals for hungry men when there was nothing to create them out of, and in the bad days of the fighting he brought water to the wounded. All of which stands to his credit in the regiment's records and in the memories of those he served and cheered.

An odd fact developed by the campaign of the Seventy-first is this, at least it seems to be established, that, given equal hardships, men in fine athletic training suffer more than men in ordinary condition. Statistics show, in this regiment, that the runners, the jumpers, the crack bicycle-riders, and the record men generally were readier fever victims than their comrades, and gave out sooner in the emergencies of the battle-field. There was Sergeant Meeks, a long-distance runner, and "Hub" Smith, a bicycle-rider, and Siebold, a winner of running races, and Ott, a sprinter and hurdler, and Private Meeks, another bicycle-rider, and Divanne, a runner, and so on through a long list. Almost without exception these fine athletes fell into illness or utter collapse with the first hard strain put upon them. They made worse fever cases and dysentery cases than the others, and it appeared to nurses and doctors as beyond question that the thorough physical training which these men had completed just before the war, in anticipation of the spring athletic games, was a serious impairment of their powers for resisting disease. It is worthy of note, also, that most of these athletes indulged neither in drink nor tobacco.

The medical records of Company H, of the Seventy-first,

tant. He carried with him some fifteen canteens belonging to members of his company, and in due course trudged back with them, filled with water, not specially clean or cool, to be sure, but wonderfully precious to these parched and weary soldiers.

When Holland reached the fighting-line the bullets were sweeping the ridge like hail and every man was crouching in the trenches, not lifting so much as a finger if he could keep it down. Into this storm of lead walked the water bearer, all unconcerned, and, standing erect, strolled along, picking out the canteens one by one, according to their numbers, and giving each soldier the one that was his.

"Get down there, Holland! Lie down, you blank blank fool!" came sharp cries.

But Holland walked on undisturbed, bending only so much as was necessary to hand down the canteens. Just how long he was under this murderous fire it is difficult to estimate. He picked out the fifteen soldiers to whom the fifteen canteens belonged, and he made no mistakes in the delivery. Then he lay down in the trenches without so much as a scratch for his recklessness.

"What did you do that for, Holland?" asked Lieutenant McLeod later in the day. "Why didn't you throw the canteens on the ground and let the men help themselves?"

"If I'd done that," answered Holland, "those canteens would never have got to the boys they belonged to. When I take a man's canteen and go after water, I understand it's my business to bring the canteen back to him. So that's what I did."

"Well, why didn't you crouch down, then, and go along the line that way?"

"Because I figured it was safer to stand up. You see, the Spaniards had our hill in dead range, and they were just shaving the top of it, where our heads were. Now, if I had to get shot I'd rather have a bullet in my shins than higher up, so I kept the best part of me as far up in the air as I could get it, and you see my scheme worked."

A nice enough theory this, that it was the part of prudence to stand up straight in a deadly fire; but I fancy most men would have found it easier to be brave and lie down. Anyhow,

up his life on Cuban soil. They were advancing slowly through the heavy undergrowth and had come to a point not very far from the little river, when there came a sudden crashing sound, which was really the impact of bullets against the trees, but which was taken by the advancing soldiers for the report of rifles. The fact was the rifles from which these bullets had been fired were so far distant—at least a mile and a half—that their sound was inaudible. At any rate there was quick alarm and a deploying of men among the trees for skirmishing at short range. The idea in every man's mind was that the Spaniards were there just ahead of them, and that a hand-to-hand engagement was about to begin. The plausibility of this deception will appear only to those who have heard the sharp ring of a Mauser bullet against the trunk of a cocoa palm.

At any rate, the men lay down awaiting orders to fire, and it was just at this moment of suspense that a Mauser bullet, dropping from its long flight, struck Skinner in the neck, severing an artery and killing him almost instantly. Lieutenant Williams lay not more than two feet from the stricken man at this moment, and the vividness of that first death impression will hold in his memory when other happenings of the war have passed from him.

And the first soldier in the Seventy-first who was killed on the top of San Juan hill was Private Joseph S. Decker, of Company I. The attack was made with Company F on the left, Company M on the right, and Company I at the centre, and in the first onset a block-house on the brow of the hill was occupied by six soldiers of Company I—Lieutenant Olin, who remained standing at the door after his men had crowded inside; Sergeant Goff, who afterward died at Montauk, of fever; Sergeant Elmer Meeks, who afterward died in New York, of fever; Private "Billy" Cheevers, who afterward died in Cuba; Private Roth, who was shot through the head a few minutes after he entered the block-house, but recovered from his wounds; and Private Decker, who came staggering from the house shortly after he had entered it, holding one hand over his mouth, which

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Cuba's First Thanksgiving Day.

HOW THE GREAT AMERICAN FESTIVAL WAS CELEBRATED IN HAVANA.

HAVANA, November 20th, 1898.—The capital of the Queen of the Antilles has just had her first Thanksgiving Day, and Cubans and American citizens now in Cuba, recognizing much significance in the event, celebrated it with enthusiasm. The stars and stripes were even more conspicuous than usual in Havana, and the American spirit of thanksgiving was manifested in good, old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinners in the American colony. There were reunions of Americans at private dinner-tables, in which the talk was all patriotic and of past Thanksgiving Days at home. The centre of the celebration was the Grand Hotel Pasaie, and its chief event was the banquet in the evening, at which one hundred and thirty Americans were present. Brigadier-General Humphreys occupied the seat of honor on the right of the toast-master, while the Hon. Lucien Jerome, British consul-general and representative of the United States government, sat on the left.

Many toasts were offered and responded to, and the name of President McKinley and Queen Victoria were enthusiastically cheered. No reference to the recent war with Spain was made by any of the speakers. The American and British flags were conspicuous in the dining-hall. A Spanish band of twenty-five pieces furnished the music and played "The Star-spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle."

A Thanksgiving greeting was cabled to President McKinley by the banqueters. The first American Thanksgiving Day marked the beginning of a new epoch in Havana, and everybody voted it a decided success. It is expected that next year the day will be generally recognized, and that the sacrifice of turkeys will become as general as it now is in the United States.

W. A. VARTY.



THE FIRST BANQUET EVER HELD IN HAVANA IN HONOR OF THE AMERICAN THANKSGIVING.

United States Soldiers in Havana.

ARRIVAL OF THE ADVANCE GUARD—SERIOUS RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE ENGINEERING CORPS.

HAVANA, November 30th, 1898.—The vanguard of United States troops destined for the occupation of Havana landed on Cuban soil at Playa, ten miles west of this city, Thanksgiving Day. They came on the transport *Florida*, and were met by General Greene and his aids. After establishing a camp on a knoll within a mile of their landing-place, the troops began the great work of preparing for the arrival of the army of 20,000 which is to arrive within a month.

Many Cubans and a number of Spanish soldiers watched the proceedings, the Spaniards in particular evincing great interest in them, and, surprising as it may seem, a great deal of goodwill toward the American troops. They conversed good-naturedly with the Americans when

their linguistic attainments made it possible, and even when the soldiers could not talk together they met on a common plane of understanding by examining each other's equipment and drinking together at a little booth which a vender of "soft drinks" had erected near the camp. The first to arrive constitute the first battalion of the Second United States Volunteer Engineers, under the immediate command of Major Richard Henry Savage, the famous soldier-author. The other officers are: Lieutenants R. S. Brook, F. S. Clark, R. J. Lawton, and D. G. Anderson; Battalion Adjutant A. F. Balentine, Acting Quartermaster C. C. Fitzgerald, Captain B. F. Dixon, provost-marshal, and Chaplain C. K. Kimball. Twenty mule-teams were landed for work at the Marianao camp.

The part that the engineer corps is to play in and around Havana during the next few months is as important as that played by the heroes of San Juan hill. The lives of the thousands of soldiers who will soon surround Havana are practically in the hands of Major Savage's battalion, for the health of the entire army of occupation depends much on how well the engineers perfect the work of sanitation in the camps where the unacclimated troops are to endure life.

The work of laying out camp sites, piping and sewerage the vast tract to be occupied by the camps, building wharves, warehouses, barracks, constructing railroads, pikes, telegraph and telephone lines, has already been begun, and on it more than 5,000 laborers, mostly ex-insurgents, will be employed before the ides of December.

The headquarters of the engineers are in a splendid old mansion. Here, in marble halls, the officers of the battalion have their offices and assemble each day for meals. In all tented fields there is always one tent that was the "first pitched," and the soldiers who are so fortunate as to occupy "the first tent" point to it with pride, and would not exchange it.

Major Savage, the picturesque story-writer, who commands the battalion, gave me, for *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, a brief sketch of the proposed work of the engineers in and around Havana, and was "snapped" by your photographer in the act. (See illustration.)

The camp of the engineers will be entirely separate from that of the other troops, and has its own hospital attachment, which is in charge of Surgeon Sheldon, of the regular army. Already five of the men have succumbed to the enervating heat, which even now ranges from eighty to ninety degrees at mid-day.

WILLIAM A. VARTY.



PALACE OCCUPIED BY THE OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN ENGINEERING CORPS AT HAVANA.



THE FIRST TENT PITCHED BY THE AMERICAN ENGINEERING CORPS AT HAVANA.



MAJOR SAVAGE, OF THE AMERICAN ENGINEERING CORPS, THE PICTURESQUE STORY-WRITER.

What I Saw in the War: No. 6.—AWFUL SUFFERING OF OUR WOUNDED.

SICKENING SCENES ALONG THE ROAD TO SANTIAGO—NOBLE EXAMPLES OF HEROISM OF OUR BRAVE MEN—TOTAL LACK OF AMBULANCES COMPELS WOUNDED SOLDIERS TO RIDE IN SPRINGLESS ARMY WAGONS—ONLY THOSE WHO COULD NOT CRAWL PERMITTED TO RIDE TO THE HOSPITAL—WORK OF THE PROVOST-GUARD IN STOPPING STRAGGLERS—SPLENDID SERVICE OF CHAPLAIN VAN DE WATER.

By JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD, SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT OF "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

No one will ever know the suffering of the wounded on the days following the battle unless they were there to see for themselves, for any one who did not see will not believe that human beings could stand what those men endured. Shot in every conceivable manner, they suffered all the tortures inflicted by thirst and hunger, and all this under a tropical sun, the heat of which caused many a well man to give up. Nor was the heat the only element to contend with, but nearly every afternoon the tropical downpour of rain commenced and continued until almost night, and then, as the sun did not shine again, the night would be wet and cold. I do not mean cool, but actually cold, and so cold that when one was well and hearty and dry, it was necessary to sleep under two blankets to be really comfortable. If the night was dry, then there was that heavy tropical dew that to all purposes is a rain, and unless there was a covering for the men they were wet through in the morning.

When the men first landed and marched a day under the rays of the terrible sun they threw away their blankets and everything that they could possibly get along without, and consequently when night came they suffered intensely; but it was not only the first ashore that abandoned their extra equipment, but men would do so even after knowing how cold the nights were, because it was torture to stagger along under the heavy blanket-roll, besides all the rest of the pack.

Whole regiments abandoned their blankets at one time, and I remember particularly what a sight the field presented one morning after the Twenty-fifth United States Infantry broke camp. There were almost a thousand blankets strewn about the ground, left just as the men got up out of them, and in less than three minutes there was not one in sight, for all of them had been gathered up by a lot of Cuban "soldiers" that always were hanging about to carry something off. Had it not been for the thieving propensities of the Cubans there would not have been half the suffering later, for the men could have left all of their extra equipment, and then, when they got into the final trenches, could have sent back for them, but the Cubans carried off everything movable. They would load their little horses down with great piles of plunder and pack it away. I cannot imagine where they took it all, but it went, and I suppose that in the future the entire Cuban army will be equipped with that stuff.

When Major-General S. M. B. Young appeared before the war-investigating commission he gave his opinion of the Cubans, and after telling how they deserted his command as soon as there was any fighting, he said that "the only service of the insurgents was to steal the baggage of the American troops." He also relates how they took everything that his brigade dropped when they went into action at La Guasimas. Now, as there was no possible way of getting any more supplies to take the place of these that were stolen, the men were compelled to go through the entire campaign—as this action was the first—without the necessary equipment, and when any of their number were wounded it made their suffering ten-fold greater.

The stream of wounded men commenced to flow to the rear soon after the battle commenced on July 1st, and then for a week or more there were scenes of suffering of which it is impossible to give even a slight conception. If a man was not actually unconscious he was considered well and able to walk to the field or division hospital, or unless he was shot through both legs. A great deal of suffering might have been prevented, perhaps, had there been more ambulances, but on the whole it was about as well as it could have been, for the roads to the front were frightful. The ambulances were needed most between the division hospital and Siboney, as the men were compelled to walk the entire eight miles regardless of the heat. Those who were too far gone to walk were taken back in springless army wagons on the latter's return after bringing ammunition or rations to the front. There was not a complaint, and as far as these men who stood all the real suffering were concerned, there would have been no "war-investigating commission," for they saw only too well that all that was possible was being done for them.

The "first-aid packet" did wonders in saving life and preventing suffering. It is a little packet of bandages and an antiseptic compress. On a large bandage are illustrations of just how to use it, and, although the men were nearly all instructed in its use, by reference to these illustrations any one could tell just how to apply it. So, when a man was hit, some comrade near by bound up his wound, and in hundreds of cases saved a life. After that the wounded man was compelled to look out for himself and get to the rear as best he could. It was no uncommon sight for a man shot through the arm or the shoulder to be carrying one handle of a litter with one who could not walk, or assisting one shot through a foot or leg. There was no complaint, and the nearest any of them would ever come to seeking assistance would be to ask for a drink of water, just to prevent their fainting. Luckily, there was water in plenty, as about every mile there was a very good stream. At every one of these fords there would be a crowd of wounded resting before continuing their torturing journey back to the hospital, nearly all knowing that it meant death if they did not reach the hospital.

One poor chap, a mere boy, belonging to the regulars, who had been shot in three different places, had dragged himself from the front to the last ford before reaching the division hospital, and had evidently stopped to take a drink, for when he was found he had fallen from his kneeling position into the water, and had not had sufficient strength to help himself. He was lying with his face in the muddy stream, dead. So many stragglers, principally from the volunteer regiments, took advantage of the chance to get to the rear, for a little rest, by

assisting a wounded man that a provost-guard of a troop of cavalry under Captain Hardie was placed at the ford near El Pozo.

It was pitiful, and amusing at the same time, to hear the excuses presented to Captain Hardie by some of the stragglers. "Overcome by the heat" was the favorite plea; "exhaustion," or "going back to the hospital to look for a friend," were also used with such frequency that I have no doubt that many were ordered to the front who should have gone back. It was not cowardice, by any means, that prompted these men to attempt to get to the rear, but in most cases they were really worn out. The reason there were more volunteers than regulars among the stragglers was because the trained officers of the regular troops could handle their men better. War is a science that cannot be taught in a few days, and while the lack of all technical knowledge is no disgrace to the volunteers, costly lessons taught that a great country like the United States needs a standing army of sufficient size to hold its own while volunteers are preparing, so the latter will not be rushed into the field, helter-skelter, with only uniforms and with antiquated fire-arms. These men came right out of shops, offices, and luxurious homes, and it was no wonder they gave out. The greater wonder is that they stood it as well as they did. One of the stragglers came wearily down the road, stopping every few rods to rest, and as he approached the provost-guard a sergeant stepped up to him and demanded, rather gruffly, "Well, where are you going?"

"I'm going back to the hospital," he wearily answered.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, I'm sort of done up," he explained in a tone as though he was ashamed to admit it.

"Well, you hit the road to the front. You will be of more use up there than you will at the hospital."

"Guess you're right," he said, and turned to make his way back; but as he turned the sergeant noticed a big black stain on the back of his blue shirt and asked if he was hit.

"Oh, yes; I caught a chunk of shrapnel, but I don't suppose it does amount to very much," he said.

"Why in — didn't you say you were hit?" growled the trooper, evidently very much ashamed that he had mistaken the man for one who was shirking his duty.

"I'd rather go back, any way, for I feel better," the wounded man answered; but the sergeant paid no attention to the remark and asked permission of Captain Hardie to send a couple of men to assist the man to the field hospital, which he did.

In strange contrast to this little scene, I saw fifteen men of the Seventy-first New York assisting one wounded man to the rear, and he was shot through the arm. They received sharp treatment from the provost. It was this class of men who participated in making an effigy of their chaplain a short time ago in their armory, because they "did not see him at the front." It was on these days that Chaplain Van de Water did some of the noblest work of the campaign in assisting men to the hospital and generally attending to their wants. He is assailed because he did not attend exclusively to the members of his own regiment, but assisted, with all his power, any soldier who needed his assistance. He worked for the interest of the American soldier and not the New Yorker. I will guarantee that none of the brave Seventy-first men who followed Major Rafferty in the storming of San Juan hill participated in that wretched scene in the armory.

All through the days of fighting the stream of wounded men continued. The sufferers came in every manner, helping each other as best they could, but only in rare cases were they assisted by well men. Those who had escaped the storm of bullets were needed at the front, and the wounded must care for themselves. Those who were hit in the upper part of the body were generally stripped to the waist, and had no covering from the fierce sun except the bandage about the wound. The tender skin was blistered and their suffering increased. Later in the afternoon of each day the inevitable pouring rain would commence and drench the poor men. Then came the cold nights and the heavy dew, and the suffering of these half-naked men is past imagination. Without shelter, and in many cases without food, they lay wherever night overtook them.

All this time the road from the front was lined on both sides, except in some dangerous places, with camps of the Cubans, who watched those who had come to fight their battles, and not one Cuban offered assistance. The Cubans slept comfortably, rolled in blankets stolen from our men, and allowed our wounded to suffer with the cold.

The Cubans should have been compelled to make litters and carry all our wounded. I took the liberty of suggesting this to some of the staff officers, but it was never done. I also suggested it to General Castillo, when he was in command of the Cuban forces, and for a moment I thought he was going to faint, so surprised was he that any one should ask a "soldier" to do labor.

Every one of the wagons that came from the front, after having taken up a load of ammunition or rations, was filled with men who were too badly hit to walk, and their suffering was intensely aggravated by the jolting they received as the six mules yanked them along over the rough road. One rugged type of the Western teamster said to me as he stopped a moment to give the suffering men a chance to breathe, "I hate to carry these poor devils back, 'cause when I hit it up it jolts the life out uv 'em, an' if I go slow I won't be back in time to get the grub up to the trenches." A few hours later I saw him coming up with a load, and I concluded that he had solved the problem by making all his time on the up-trip, for his mules were covered with foam, and he was urging them on with all the muscle

and profanity he could command—and he had driven a mule-team for some time.

One of the most peculiar things in time of battle and on the road to the front is the silence of the men. Hardly a word is spoken, and every one seems to be thinking very hard; you can almost hear men think, it is so apparent. These blood stained, dirty, ragged and half-naked soldiers drag themselves along as silently as spectres, with never a word even to their companions. All with but one intent, to get to the hospital, so that their wounds may receive proper attention. All suffering silently and heroically bearing the terrible pain. Here and there they stop to rest, or to re-adjust a bandage, or to wait while a pack-train passes, and then slowly start on for the hospital, where they must wait their turn; and in many cases their turn did not come for hours after their arrival, and they lay there on the ground with no covering and accepted their fate. These men stood all this and lived. During the last campaign of the British forces in India a piper by the name of Finlander was shot through both legs, but continued to play to cheer the men in the fight, and for this act Queen Victoria conferred the highest English award, the Victoria Cross, and I often wondered what old England would have thought could it have witnessed some of the acts of heroism of the rank and file of our army during these days of suffering in front of Santiago.

(To be continued.)

Soldiers' Tales of Camp and Field.

(Continued from page 520.)

was flecked with blood. Lieutenant Olin went to his aid, but the man could not speak. He had been shot through one of the large veins of the neck, and the hemorrhages began at once. He died there before the block-house, the first American sacrificed on San Juan hill, and the Spanish bullets sang gay dirges over him.

* * *

The night of July 2d had come. San Juan hill was taken; it was being held for the army of the United States by the Seventy-first New York (which is something of honor), and about nine o'clock, after the day's weary fighting, with death and victory all about, a group of men gathered in the moonlight to bury Decker as best they might. Little knew they that the Spaniards were massing for a desperate night attack and that their prayers were soon to be rudely disturbed. With bared heads they stood about the grave at a spot on the hill a few hundred yards back from the picket lines, and Private Fraser, who was a graduate of Harvard College and had left school-teaching to fight, repeated from memory the Episcopal burial-service over the dead man and then prayed for the army, prayed for the Seventy-first Regiment, and prayed for Company I. Hardly had he ceased praying, hardly had the shallow trench been filled with earth, when the alarm of battle sounded and shots were heard from the Spanish line. And one of the first bullets struck the man who had just besought God's blessing, but struck him with such wonderful harmlessness as to almost make it clear that the blessing had descended. Between the sole and upper of Fraser's shoe went the Mauser bullet, under his foot and over his sock, a little leaden messenger that nestled under the man's toes, touching the bare skin but not so much as fraying it. And when Fraser drew off his shoe he found the bullet there inside, and I fancy he will keep that bullet for a long time and show it to his grandchildren.

* * *

During this famous night attack there came a time when the commanding generals wished to order a lull, that they might better judge of the situation, and the bugler was told to sound "Cease firing." And sound it he did, from the second line of trenches, some hundred yards back from the first line. But the men did not cease firing, whether it was that the rage of battle was on them, or that the rifle-music held their ears. And it became necessary to send word of this command from the trenches behind to the trenches in front, which meant exposing those who carried the word to almost certain death, for the ground between was bare and swept continually by the enemy's fire.

Two men sprang forward among others for this duty—Lieutenant Williams, of Company I, and Private Ross, of Company M. By some miracle Williams crossed the space unhurt and delivered the order. But Ross, before he had gone twenty feet, was shot through the body from right to left, the bullet coming out through his back from a gaping wound. And at this very moment Private Crowley by an unfortunate mistake discharged his rifle, which he had no business to do, being in the second trenches.

"Put that man under arrest," said Captain Gouldsbrough, seeing the blood-mark on Ross's back, and thinking that Crowley had shot his comrade.

But Major Bell, the regimental surgeon, stepped forward and examined the wound. He saw that it had come from the front, and had been made by a Mauser bullet. So he ordered Crowley released, but it was a close call.

(To be continued.)

The Cuban Commission.

(Continued from page 516.)

Cuba. He has a commanding knowledge of law and great executive ability. During the recent struggle he was very successful in the delicate and difficult task of conducting the affairs of the Cuban junta in Havana. José R. Villalon is a civil engineer, who was educated at Lehigh University. After

his graduation he devoted himself to developing the mineral wealth of Cuba. He served with distinction in the late revolution. Gonzalo de Quesada is the Cuban *chargé d'affaires* at Washington, and will arrange the conferences between the committee and the national authorities. He is a lawyer by profession, being a graduate of Columbia University, New York, and has been influential in creating American sentiment favorable to Cuba.

The commission will carry out General Garcia's plans, and will ask President McKinley to establish a military protectorate over Cuba until order is completely restored. A law will then be framed providing for an election of delegates to a convention which will draw up a constitution for Cuba, and then the young republic will embark upon the unquiet waters of government. It was General Garcia's opinion that, while Cubans would insist upon setting up a government of their own after struggling for it so long, yet Cuba would eventually become a part of the United States. Most of the members of the commission are said to hold the same belief, but meanwhile are devoting all of their energies toward the great project of making the republic of Cuba a fact. They are all comparatively young men, the oldest being not yet fifty and two of them being still in their thirties. With plenty of working years still left in their lives it is probable that some or all of them will play important parts in the making of the Cuban republic and in its government during the first years of its existence. Their names will go down in history as prime movers in adding one more to the ranks of nations under the republican form of government, and, therefore, much interest attaches to the personalities and the movements of this commission.

Another commission was appointed by the Cuban Assembly for the purpose of disbanding the Cuban army and giving each man a certificate of his time of service and of the amount due to him from the Cuban government. This commission is now at work in Cuba, and has no connection with the one in Washington.

Humans and Humbugs.

REMARKABLE SUSCEPTIBILITY OF BRIGHT MEN AND WOMEN TO STRANGE AND PECULIAR INFLUENCES.

It seems almost incredible that a man of the mental strength of the late Harold Frederic should have fallen, during his last days, into the hands of the so-called Christian Scientists. In health Frederic's was a peculiarly rugged mind, and went to the bottom of things with a directness which was almost brutal. That such a man should have been ministered to when he was ill, and with his own consent, by such foolish people as those who surrounded him, shows either that he had lost his intelligence or that the proneness of men to half believe in the incomprehensible had taken possession of him. In this instance there may be a trial and a test case as to the lawfulness of the "tomfoolery" which medical men say cost Frederic his life.

But, however this case may turn out, there is no denying that that which we cannot understand, that which mystifies us and baffles our understanding, is at the same time immensely attractive to the great majority. Think of men of business shrewdness, of scientific knowledge, and of worldly wisdom supporting Keely, of motor fame, for a quarter of a century because they were talked to in a jargon they could not understand, and deceived with demonstrations which were a combination of jugglery and compressed air. These hard-headed men of affairs when they entered Keely's little shop were in a kind of fairy-land, and they left behind them their prudence and their sagacity. They liked being humbugged, they enjoyed being mystified. Their caution, their prudence, their worldly wisdom, were artificial and acquired; their readiness to believe in what they could not in the least understand was human. When they supported Keely, the natural man was asserting himself.

This disposition to believe in the intangible and the absurd enables humbug to thrive wherever it establishes itself. The Christian Scientists appear to be the last of these utterly silly cults. The men and women who work the game are the same, either actually or in kind, as those who were spiritualists and mind-healers, and so on. The promoters of these cults are always promoters for purely business reasons; their followers are merely dupes. Generally these dupes are persons of small intellectual capacity, but sometimes they are duped because of a superabundance of that enthusiasm which becomes fanaticism.

Twenty-five years ago the spiritualists were cutting a pretty wide swath. I remember several instances of their venal rascality which came under my own personal notice. What they wanted was money; indeed, that is what all of them want, it makes no difference in the world what they call themselves. I went to one of the foolish seances. It was in the summer-time and I had on white duck trousers. We sat in a circle and when the lights were put out all kinds of monkey tricks went on. My legs were pinched, for instance. Now I noticed that the chap next me had very dirty hands; I also noticed that my trousers were very much soiled where my legs had been pinched. Well-regulated spirits ought not to have soiled hands, I thought; and I was sure I did not want to have anything to do with spirits from the infernal regions, where fires are supposed to be kept up, and where, presumably, there is a good deal of dirt. So I put my soiled trousers and the hands of my neighbor together in my mind and said to him, just as the lights were being lowered for a second round, "If you put your dirty hands on me again I will wring your neck." This time the spirits did not come near me, and the chief operator quickly announced that there was a discordant element in the room and nothing more could be done.

Singular though it was, there were very many persons who were entirely captivated by such utter silliness as this leg-pinching and table-rapping. In the town where I lived there was a German couple of great respectability. The man was a toy-maker, and his wife kept a toy shop. They prospered pleasantly. It is likely that a toy-maker is guileless by nature, or becomes so by reason of his occupation. At any rate, this particular toy-maker easily fell a victim to the wiles of these spiritualists, and his wife followed him. They bled the poor man of all his substance, and, so as to complete the job, they had the spirit guardian of the couple tell them that it was sinful for them to live

together. And so the devoted couple, obeying what they thought a voice from heaven, separated, and then the sharpers completely cleaned up what was left. I don't recall exactly how the toy-makers became undeceived, but they did when their property was all gone, for then the spiritualists took no longer any interest in them. So they came together again, and in their old age began once more where they had begun in their youth.

This same gang of rogues got hold of an old maiden lady of my acquaintance. She had money but she had not one atom of guile. She was an easy victim on every account, but there was one thing that made her a specially easy mark. She had had in her youth a misunderstanding with her father, a misunderstanding which, though trivial in nature, had never been explained away. The old lady always bothered about it, for her father, as she remembered him, seemed to her little less than a god. When she heard of the spiritualists and their power to summon spirits from the other world, the old lady thought that she might have that explanation with her father. And so she fell into their hands. They bled her and bled her. She skimmed in her living, she placed mortgages on her property, and everything went to the spiritualists. Still she had not talked with her father. At length, when there was no chance of further supplies without a materialization of the venerable judge, the spirit of that old gentleman was made to speak. His daughter listened and went away. When further demands were made upon her she dismissed the whole crew. "When my father was alive," she said, "he was a gentleman. I don't believe that in heaven he has changed into a blackguard." So she was saved before she was robbed of everything.

Now and then some of these fakirs got into jail, but, considering the enormity of their crimes against property, it was only too seldom. I suppose there are lots of spiritualists now, but I don't happen to be in the way of hearing of them. The last notable case we had was that of the fat woman, Dis de Bar, who infatuated a rich and distinguished New York lawyer when he had come to a time of senility. She, however, was sent to prison. The favorite method now is the healing dodge—the mind-healers and the faith-curers, and so on.

Some years ago a young friend of mine went to a mind-healer for a lark. There was nothing in the world the matter with him, but he pretended to be the victim of terrible headaches. The wonderful healer asked no questions as to the cause of the ailment. He did not care about that, for he had one panacea which sufficed for every ill. Said he to the young investigator: "Go home, and whenever the headache comes on sit down quietly and put your whole mind on it, thinking with all your might that you have not got a headache. Then you will not have it, and will be cured."

"That's easy," said my young friend. "What is your fee?"

"Five dollars."

"Well, sir, you put your whole mind on it and think with all your might that you have that five dollars. Then you will have it, and will be paid."

These fakirs cannot live on payment in kind. They want spot cash every time. To persons who are gradually getting into their toils they expand upon the advantages of what they call the whole treatment, which costs much more than a treatment which is merely superficial. As a rule, the patient takes the whole treatment, let it cost what it may. It is hard to suppress these rogues, but there is no reason why efforts should be relaxed to save society from them.

As to the victims, they are rather to be pitied than to be blamed. As I have said before, human nature itself responds readily to deceptions based on what seem mysterious and incomprehensible. The weak people who must always follow one of these cults or another are not entirely responsible as people of the world, for they are more human than the worldly hardened; they are reverts to a more natural condition than is common. But they should be protected all the same. In the law we make special provisions for the weak and defenseless—for widows and orphans, for instance. In practice we take care of the insane and the incapable. Why, then, should we not have a care for the enthusiasts who, reverting to simple and primal conditions, are unfit to guard themselves against the frauds and the deceptions of the artificial life of a tolerably wicked world?

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

General Lee Embarks for Cuba.

WHEN General Fitzhugh Lee left Havana on the 9th of last April he made a significant promise to soon return. This promise was significant because in it was implied General Lee's belief that Cuba would soon pass out of the control of Spain and into the control of the United States. It was therefore a prophecy as well as a promise, and it was realized in its entirety by the landing of General Lee in Cuba on December 14th, as the military governor of Havana. The general was accompanied by his staff, and also on the *Panama* were fifty enlisted men. General Lee will command the Seventh Army Corps, numbering about 20,000 men, and upon January 1st will enter and take possession of Havana in the name of the government of the United States, raising the stars and stripes over Morro Castle.

Most of the time since General Lee returned from Havana, in April, he has spent with the forces encamped near Savannah, where he and his men were the recipients of much attention. Savannah was sorry to see them go when they embarked for Havana on December 11th, and the ladies indicated their goodwill by a series of entertainments which made the soldiers almost regret to leave the hospitable city, even for active service.

Remarkable Disaster in a Gas-yard.

GREAT iron girders bent and broken like waxen matches, immense strips of sheet-iron crumpled like paper, a jumble of chaotic metal house-high and covering an area of half a city block, mark the scene, in New York City, of an unprecedented accident. At dusk on the evening of December 13th the iron walls of one of the many great gas-tanks in the "gas-house district" suddenly expanded like the sides of a bursting balloon, and then collapsed. Vast volumes of water gushed out, demolishing houses, flinging tons of metal yards, and ingulfing

human life in the torrent which raged in the street like a mountain stream.

There were at least six fatalities, and the loss of life would have been much greater had it not been that the catastrophe occurred after most of the men had quit work and gone home. The fact that several of the victims were drowned in the streets is one of the strange features of the accident, and was due to the peculiar construction of the gas-tanks. The tank proper is bottomless and rests upon a cushion of water contained in an upright tank of larger diameter. The upper tank is kept from sinking into the lower one by the sustaining power of the gas which it contains. Yet the pressure upon the water in the lower tank is very great, and, in the case of the tank which collapsed, was too great for the latter's sides. This meagre explanation is the only one thus far advanced to account for a remarkable catastrophe.

The Battle of Santiago Bay.

JULY 3d, 1898.

THERE are tears in Andalusia,
There is grief in old Madrid,
There are sighs in Vallombrosa,
Death stalks the land of the Cid.
For the fleet of brave Cervera
That sailed from proud Castile
Is battered and is beaten
And strews the rocks of Antilles.
The *Infanta* and *Oquendo*,
The *Vizcaya* and *Cristobal*,
Are wrecked and torn asunder
And destroyed by shell and ball.

Before Santiago harbor
That idle summer day,
At rest in lazy motion
Our fleet at anchor lay.
No sign upon the water
Of Spanish trick or wile,
No note from sullen Morro
Of Spanish craft or guile.
At ease our crews were lounging,
Dressed in their Sunday best;
A day of peace and quiet,
A time of prayer and rest.
But cunning was the Spaniard,
And to his crew he said:
"To-day we'll slip our cables
And out to sea we'll head;
For the Yankee, unsuspecting
Of the trick on him we'll play,
Will chant his psalms with fervor
While we will steal away."

But what espies the lookout
From *Brooklyn's* lofty mast?
Suspicious seems that object
A-scurrying on so fast.
From out the sinuous winding
Of Santiago's bay
There looms the dread *Infanta*
In battle's grim array;
Vizcaya's funnels pouring
Black clouds against the sky—
"A race for life, Cervera!"
The sailors madly cry.

Now beat our drums to quarters,
Now roar *Iowa's* gun;
Our decks are cleared for action—
The battle has begun.
Now plunges from her station
The mighty *Oregon*
Abreast the desperate Spaniard,
The victory must be won.
From turret and from broadside
Blaze fiery flames from hell,
Indiana and the *Texas*
Are thundering Spain's death-knell.
And snorting like a charger,
The race-horse of the main,
The *Brooklyn* bears down grimly
On the fleeing ships of Spain.
Like eagle from its eyrie
The *Gloucester* swoops with dread
Upon the luckless *Furor*,
Soon numbered with the dead.
The heavens roar with thunder,
The deep is seared with flame,
The bursting shells scream vengeance,
And on Spanish honor, shame.
No pity, and no quarter
To Spanish pride shall be,
Until our ships have driven
Her armadas from the sea.
Till Cuba sits in freedom
Beneath the sun-kissed skies,
And feels the joy of liberty,
That heaven-blessed prize.

And may the God of battle
Protect our native land,
And teach our people bravely
The foe to withstand.
But curb the lust for conquest,
Of peace sow thou the seed,
For a nation is most mighty
When justice is its creed.
Then three times three for the Union,
And three times three for the tars
Who manned the ships of battle
Under the stripes and stars.
And three times three for Old Glory,
And three times three for Schley,
Who sank the Spanish squadron
Off Santiago Bay.

C. S. E.

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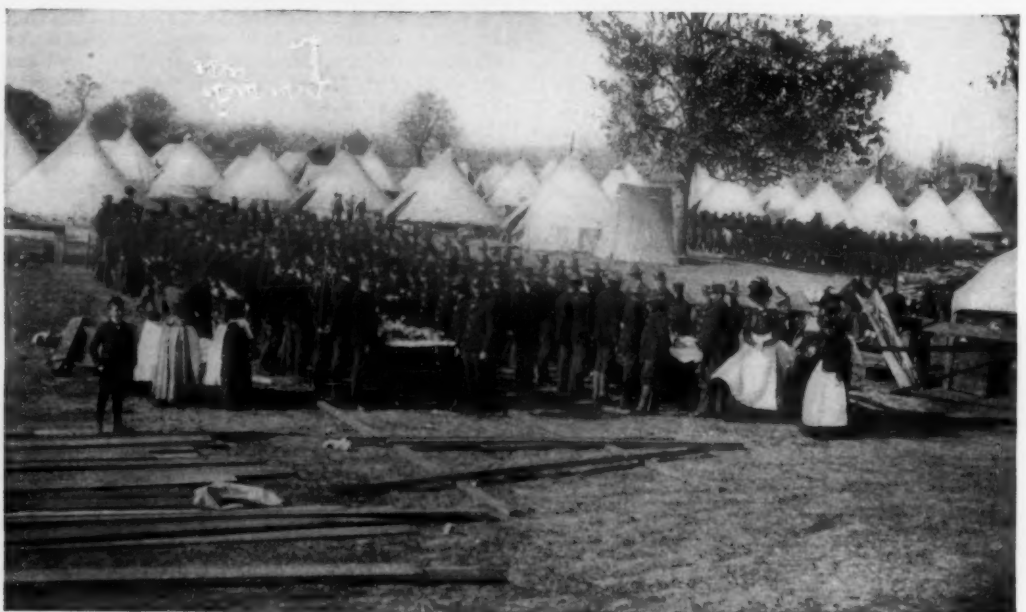
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GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE KEEPS HIS PROMISE TO RETURN TO HAVANA.
THE LADIES OF SAVANNAH ENTERTAINING THE SOLDIERS BEFORE THEIR EMBARKATION ON THE TRANSPORTS.—[SEE PAGE 523.]



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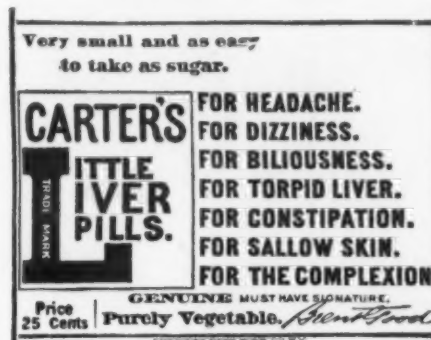
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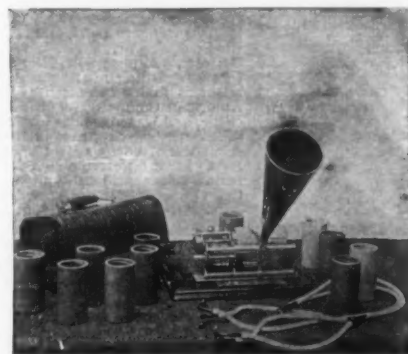
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Financial—Beware of the Boom.

We are in an eventful period of cheap money and dear stocks. Money is so plentiful and cheap that the sales on the exchange have been the heaviest for many years, and in one day nearly a million shares of stock changed hands. Wall Street is seeing daylight for the first time since 1893. The panic of that year was a money panic. There was a deficit in the national income, the gold reserve was depleted, railroads were cutting rates, the free-silver agitation was scaring the banker, the business man, and the investor, and the government was trying to borrow money on both sides of the water. For the past year or two we have been on the ascending scale. The gold reserve is at high-water mark; the war taxes are keeping the wheels of the government well greased; we are selling our crops and manufactured products at good prices, and are in the markets of the world gathering in the shekels from the four quarters of the globe, until the balance of trade in our favor bids fair to approach unheard-of figures.

Money is so plentiful that the banks are loaning it abroad, and everything that has a quotable value on the stock-exchange is good enough to borrow money on for the time being. Idle money is therefore pouring into Wall Street. The supply of investment stocks has been well-nigh exhausted, and the current of cash is being diverted, as it always is when a boom strikes Wall Street, into the low-priced odds and ends which have stood forlorn and neglected for many years. Such a market is a dangerous one to trade in. No man should buy anything on a margin. The spy operator who is at hand to reap a quick profit and get in and out and "off and on" with his nimble dollars will make something, provided he does not stay in the market until the inevitable slump comes. Come it must, perhaps not next year, but certainly before two years have passed, for does not the Secretary of the Treasury clearly foreshadow, in his annual report, the apprehension of another large deficit?

We have agreed upon a treaty of peace with Spain, but we have not settled with the French holders of Cuban bonds nor with Germany's interests in the Philippines. There is a possibility of an extra session, too, and always and forever a possibility of an unforeseen disaster which may make the stock market tremble and fall. Nor must it be forgotten that within a year we will already be discussing the next Presidential campaign, possibly amid a cloud of doubt and uncertainty as to what the outcome may be, and all in dread of some form of "populistic" demonstration that will threaten property values.

"G." Philadelphia: I cannot recommend the purchase of Metropolitan at the price you give.

"M. B." St. Paul, Minnesota: It would seem as if there might be some equity in your stock, but I do not understand all the circumstances of the case. It might be wise to consult a lawyer.

"Finance," Burlington, Vermont: (1) I see little choice between

the two stocks you name, though I think your preference, if there is any, would be mine. (2) Yes, a great many stocks are held on margins now, and this constitutes one of the chief dangers of the market.

"J. R." New York: Laclede Gas has had a fair rise, and its friends believe that the continuation of the dividends on the common stock will warrant a further advance. All gas stocks are now in favor.

"Banker," Topeka, Kansas: (1) The Atchison securities have had a very large advance. They may go higher, but seem high enough. (2) All of the coal stocks would profit by the organization of a trust. At the present writing, my preference, for investment and speculative purposes, would be Delaware and Hudson.

"Henry," Marion, Indiana: The industrials at present prices yield much better returns than any of the railroad stocks or bonds. (1) I agree with you that if the boom continues, the industrials will show the heaviest advance. (2) Federal Steel is very heavily capitalized, but will probably sell higher. Cotton Oil also has reason for its strength.

"W." Lodi, Ohio: The proposition of George M. Irwin, of New Street, New York, to make money for you and for a lot of other people will not bear analysis. If he can make money for other people, why should he not make it for himself, instead of making it by a commission business? I do not find that he has a membership in either of the stock-exchanges.

"L." Buffalo: You are right in the suggestion that the market is threatened with over-speculation, and an advance in interest rates. Over-speculation has resulted in a serious monetary crisis in Berlin. The turmoil in Paris endangers the financial stability of that money-centre. The depression in both of these places may have its effect in London, and, sympathetically, here.

"Caution," Chicago, Illinois: You are right in your impression that it is very often well to dispose of your holdings before New Year's. Ordinarily, the demand for money at that time is felt in the stock market, but there is such a plethora of loanable funds this year that there should be enough to meet all requirements. It must be borne in mind, too, that the January interest payments will probably seek investment in the stock market and may be the basis for an additional rise.

"L." San Francisco: (1) The rise in Central Pacific is not only sympathetic, but is no doubt due to the effort to refund its indebtedness, which will mean a great saving to the property. (2) Louisville and Nashville shows increased earnings and should sell higher unless the whole market gives way, but it looks high for a non-dividend payer. (3) I cannot recommend the purchase of Sugar at such a price. (4) Lined Oil is in the hands of reorganizers, who have been very successful.

"Mother," Denver, Colorado: (1) The general reduction in the rate of interest by savings banks is significant. The new government three would no doubt advance much more rapidly but for the fact that the banks hold nearly half of the entire issue. They have been able to buy because purchasers have been willing to take a profit. The bonds ought to sell higher before the close of the year. (2) The dividend-paying, gilt-edged railroad stocks will no doubt remain on a four-per-cent basis as long as money is so cheap.

"Boomer," Denison, Texas: (1) The Gould properties are just beginning to participate in the rise. I mentioned Missouri Pacific some time ago as a stock that should go higher. The Wabashes will next be taken up, if the strength of the market holds out, and Texas Pacific and all the Southwestern properties will advance. (2) I have no doubt that when the Goulds get ready, Manhattan Elevated will come to the front for a handsome rise. (3) The earnings of Pacific Mail show that its prospects are good, and they should be bettered, as the outcome of the Spanish war.

"Mc," Minneapolis, Minnesota, writes me in very complimentary terms regarding my financial column and says "it is well worth every business man's attention." He asks for facts regarding the North American Company. This was one of the old Villard blind-pool concerns, and was organized in 1890, to engage in several financing schemes. The capital stock is \$40,000,000, and its assets consist of the securities of various electric companies, and miscellaneous securities. Last year it reported a small deficit, and it sold at about \$4 per share. It now sells considerably higher. It is regarded as purely speculative, but in a market like this will no doubt participate in the rise, as all other low-priced stocks eventually will.

JASPER.

Life Insurance—How It Pays.

A STRIKING illustration of the benefits of life insurance was given in Newark, New Jersey, recently, when an old gentleman, on his ninety-seventh birthday, was paid by the Mutual Benefit Life Company a number of policies which matured at that time. For many years his life had been safely insured, he had received the income from the surplus earnings of his policies; and he survived long enough to get back every dollar he had paid in. This is one instance of what the old-line companies are doing every day, and I call attention to this fact, for the special purpose of showing the difference between the old-line method of insurance and the new-fangled assessment idea. Can any one name a case parallel with this that has ever happened in an assessment concern? The older the member of an assessment organization becomes, the more he must pay, and in the majority of cases before the end is reached, if he lives to anything like an advanced age, he finds his policy of little or no value.

"W." Greenwood, Mississippi: I do not know any such concern as you mention that I could honestly recommend.

"C." Los Angeles, California, writes that he has carried for twenty years a policy in a company formerly styled the Northwestern Masonic Association, and now called the Northwestern Life Assurance Company, of Chicago. He says its rates have steadily increased, and asks if I would prefer, at the age of fifty years, insurance in an old-line company, at a higher rate. I certainly should.

"R." Dennison, Ohio, asks about the Interstate Savings Investment Company, of Cincinnati. It is sufficient to say that this concern offers to guarantee eight per cent. on funds entrusted to it. If any reputable party wants to loan money on good security at this rate, he need only walk into any bank in Cincinnati, to be abundantly accommodated. I have no use for any such proposition.

"W." Geneseo, Illinois: The Phoenix Mutual Life, of Hartford, is not one of the largest companies. I do not like to compare its policy with that of the other company you mention. I think the Northwestern Mutual Life, of Milwaukee, offers a good and safe policy. At your age either form of policy you mention is good. If you have plenty of means and desire an investment as well as insurance, take the endowment.

"M. D. S." St. Louis, inquires as to the standing of the Hartford Life and Annuity Company, and adds, "their assessments are becoming very large." I have had several other inquiries regarding this company, which is an assessment concern. During 1897 the number of its policies written or increased was 5,470, while 5,316 decreased or ceased to be in force. It must have the same experience that all other assessment companies pass through.

"C. A. M." Detroit, Michigan, asks if I think a policy for \$2,000 with the National Union is a good investment for ten years. He says he favors a straight life policy, but wants something a little cheaper for a time. The National Union is classified with the assessment concerns. It seems to be doing a good business of its kind, but my preference is for an old-line company. If "C. A. M." wants cheap insurance in an old-line company for a few years let him try a combined term and renewal option policy of the kind now being offered by the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society, of New York. At the age of thirty a combination policy of this kind for \$1,000 is given for the first five years for \$14.90 per annum, with an option of a whole-life policy at the end of the period. It would be well to discuss the matter with the agents of the New York Life, the Mutual, and the Equitable, as well, and especially regarding the other matters concerning which "C. A. M." writes.

The Hermit.



FULDNER'S TABLE-FACTORY, AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE ACCIDENT.



THE MASS OF TANGLED WRECKAGE UNDER WHICH SEVERAL BODIES WERE BURIED.



DÉBRIS BLOCKING TWENTY-FIRST STREET.—THE GASOMETER STOOD ON THE LEFT, ALONGSIDE THE OTHER TANKS, AND THE WRECKAGE FELL ACROSS THE STREET.


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MYSTERIOUS COLLAPSE, WHILE BEING TESTED, OF THE NEW GASOMETER, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD, AT THE WORKS OF THE CONSOLIDATED GAS COMPANY.—SIX LIVES WERE LOST, AND THE DAMAGE EXCEEDED HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.—[SEE PAGE 523.]

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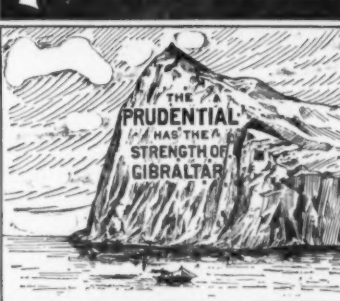


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